

In Woods of God-Realization

OR

Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha

VOLUME VIII.

LETTERS, ETC.

Fifth Edition--JULY 1932.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

It is with great pleasure that the eighth and the last Volume of the New Series of the Complete works of Swami Rama Tirtha is placed in the hands of the public within the short period of a couple of months of the publication of the 7th Volume. It would not have been possible to do so, had not the new press done its work regularly and promptly.

It is once again brought to the notice of the public, as already announced in the publisher's note to the 7th Volume, that this Complete Set of 8 Volumes will be given away to its retail purchasers for Rs. 7 only instead of Rs. 8. The League is doing this at a great sacrifice, for the price fixed is already so low that there is hardly any margin left for further concession, and hence it is not possible to allow this special concession to the Booksellers and wholesale dealers over and above the commission already allowed to them under the rules of the League.

The Public will be glad to hear that the Note-books of Swami Rama, appended to the end of these Volumes and containing his thoughts in a nutshell, have also been brought out separately in two Volumes, available at Rs. 2 together, or Re. 1—8 each. They are very useful and helpful for meditation for those who have not perused them in the Complete Works, or who want to have them separately for reference and use.

It is contemplated to bring out another book "Parables of Rama" containing parables or stories used by Rama in explaining and illustrating his lectures, published in these Volumes.

If the public will appreciate the efforts of the League and encourage it by a hearty response in the shape of rapid sale, another revised and improved edition of these works of Rama will follow soon.

LUCKNOW,

22nd July, 1932.

B. P. BHATNAGAR,

Honorary Seceretry,

} The Rama Tirth Publication League.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page.
1. INTRODUCTION TO THE LAST 4TH VOLUME OF THE OLD EDITION.	I—XXIII
2. INTRODUCTION TO THE LAST 8TH VOLUME OF THE NEW EDITION. ...	XXIV
3. BRIEF LIFE-SKETCH OF SWAMI RAMA	XXV—LXXVI

LETTERS.

4. LETTERS FROM THE HIMALAYAS. ...	1—58
5. 20 LETTERS TO MRS. WELLMAN, ...	59—103
6. 5 LETTERS TO MRS. PAULINE WHITMAN AND HER MOTHER, ETC. ...	104—119
7. 3 LETTERS FROM AMERICA. ...	120—126
8. 3 LETTERS FROM INDIAN PLAINS. ...	127—132

NOTE-BOOKS.

9. NOTE-BOOK No. II. ...	133—190
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MATHEMATICS.

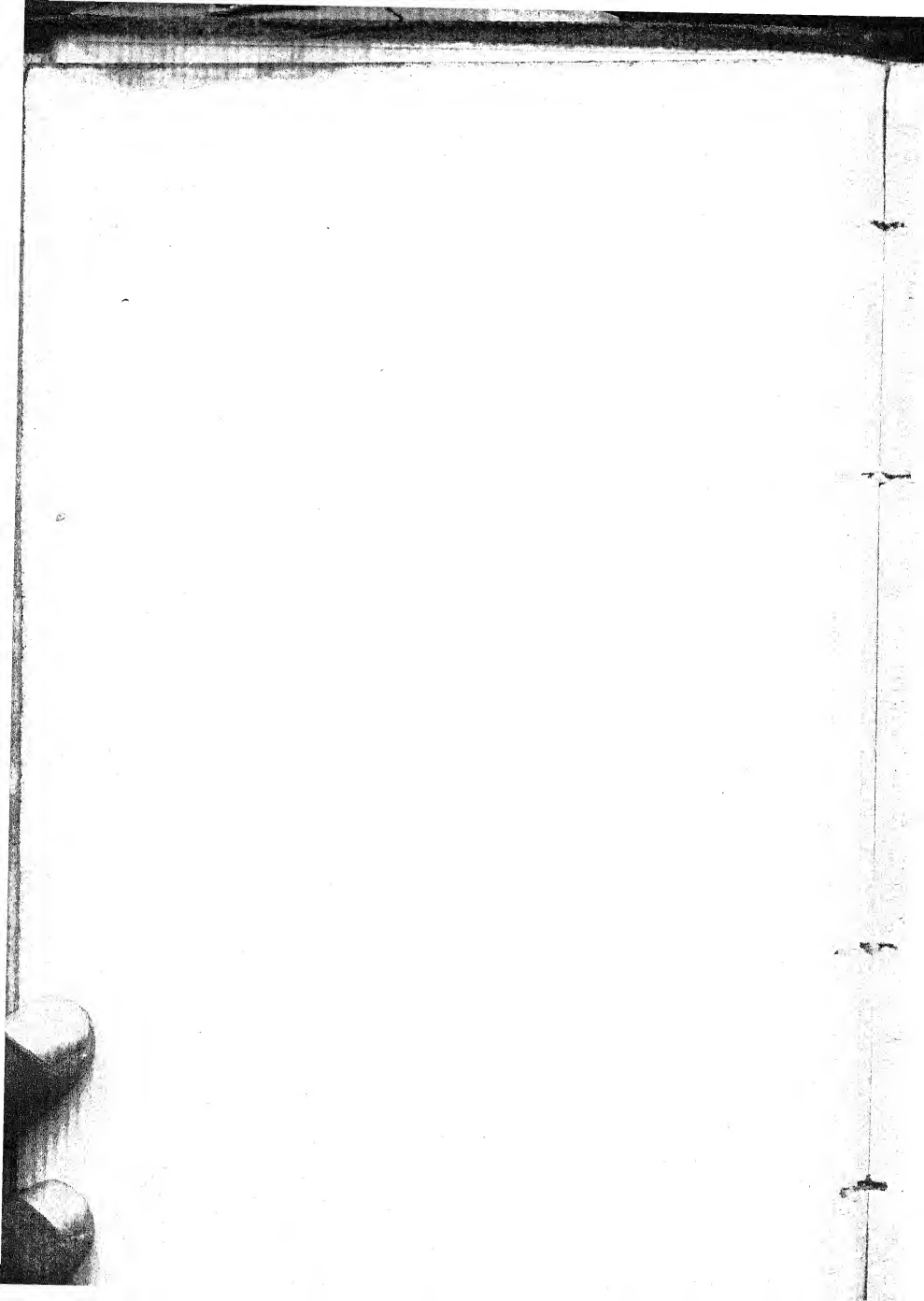
10. MATHEMATICS AND ITS IMPORTANCE.	191—242
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SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

AMERICA,

1903.





INTRODUCTION.

BY

THE LATE LALA AMIR CHAND.

(Reproduced here from the last of the old Four Volumes of the First Edition, as this volume is the last of the present complete series of Eight Volumes of the Fifth Edition).

THIS is the last of the four Volumes of "*In Woods of God-Realization*," containing all the lectures, letters, poems and writings of the late Swami Rama. It contains the contents, reproduced almost *verbatim*, of his eleven note-books, with the exception of Note-Book No. IV, which has been reserved for certain reasons for future separate publication. There is also a Lecture of Swamiji's on the Evils of Capitalism which had to be omitted in accordance with the best legal advice. I also understand that there are still some unpublished Note-Books of Rama with a gentleman of Lahore, Lala Har Lal Sahib, Nazir, District Court. I tried much to induce the gentleman to part with them for a short time so that their contents or selections from them might also be

included in this Volume, but I do not know why he has not acceded to my earnest request. With these exceptions, to the best of my belief, this Edition of Swami Rama's Works, based on the original manuscripts, bequeathed by him to his beloved and devoted disciple, the learned Shriman R. S. Narayana Swami, is comprehensive, complete and exhaustive.

I must also state here that in the editing of this Volume, brother Puran (now the late Sardar Puran Singh) has taken no part whatever. Swami Narayana and I are alone responsible for it. Where we differed, Swami Narayana had of course the final voice. I must also say here for the information of the readers of this Volume that great difficulty was felt in making selections from his Note-Books, as Rama had not often marked the quotations or indicated their source. A good many quotations have thus been omitted.

We shall feel much obliged if some of the numerous readers of these Works kindly favour us with their opinions on the utility of publishing *in extenso* the contents of this Volume in their present shape. They will be

of great help in bringing out the Revised Edition of this Volume. Needless to say that any criticism, remarks or suggestions about the whole Work would be most welcome and will receive our best attention.*

It is a source of great satisfaction to me that the humble and inadequate expression of my admiration for Swami Rama took the shape of my undertaking this publication in May 1908. It was done on the suggestion and advice of Swami Narayana to whom I owe a deep life-long debt of gratitude for the great spiritual benefits I have derived from his company and *upadesha*. It is through his hearty and devoted co-operation alone that this work has been at last satisfactorily concluded, in one sense at any rate, though I realise that there is still much to be done.

Swami Rama's writings are all at last safely preserved and cannot be lost to the Motherland who needs them most at this critical time of her history. It is a matter of

*We regret we have not received any such suggestions, but the present volume has been carefully revised, enlarged and rearranged.

still greater satisfaction and joy that the undertaking has been highly appreciated in many unexpected quarters. Hardly a fortnight passes that I do not get a couple of letters congratulating and thanking me warmly and sincerely in highly complimentary language on the enterprise, and recounting the spiritual blessings accruing to many a hungry and thirsty soul seeking after Truth and Peace of Mind. In spite of more than a century of the introduction of Western civilization into this sacred land of hoary antiquity and of the inevitable tendencies towards "materialism" that have followed in its wake, it is fortunate that our beloved Motherland has not yet lost its earnest longing for the priceless treasures of the great blessings and sterling virtues of *Sat* (Truth), *Anand* (True Happiness), *Shanti* (Peace of Mind), *Prem* (Love), *Bhakti* (Devotion), *Gnana* (Knowledge), *Buddhi* (Wisdom), *Dhyana* (Meditation and contemplation) and *Mukti* (deliverance from the bondage of Ignorance, the root of all Evil).

It appears to me that Swami Rama—the philosopher, poet, teacher and divine—was one

of those great personalities which appear from time to time in this world of ours at the most critical junctures of its history. He was certainly one of the most distinguished and eminent sons of Bharata-varsha who came to us just when he was most wanted. He did not appear on the stage of India's history to found any new sect or society of which we have already too many, to revive any old or defunct religion or form of worship, to promulgate any new doctrines or Philosophy, to establish any new Institution, or to unite like Nanak the Hindus and the Mohammedans—though there is room no doubt for such a work—, but his great and noble mission was universal and cosmopolitan. His great aim, his great life-work was to preach and teach the highest, eternal, spiritual Truths to the whole world, specially to India, in this twentieth century of the Christian era, in this scientific age, in these days of exciting race for wealth, industrialism, competition, socialism, hard struggle for existence, and all the attendant evils.

Is not this teaching just what we need most at this time? Is not his message of

spirituality and higher life just the great need of the hour? Is not his entire teaching a strong, emphatic, living protest against the rampant selfishness, the superficiality and dazzling show, worship of form (नाम रूप) and externalism, the intolerance and hostility of religious sects and fanatics, the love of Pleasure with its concomitant evils, the unceasing self-aggrandisement of European nations at the cost of their Asiatic brethren—"sons of the same Heavenly Father"—the heartless use of modern destructive weapons and the great costly preparations for war,—to pick at random some of the characteristics of Modern Civilisation? He preached the Truth in America, the land of the setting Sun, in Japan, the land of the rising Sun, and in India, the Motherland, and thus unmistakably showed that his mission was world-wide, and that his message was meant for all alike, equally for the poor and rich, the old and young, the educated and illiterate, men and women, Asiatics and Europeans, black and white. He recognised and made no distinctions of caste, creed, colour or race, and thus imparted a

a lesson of immense importance, fraught with most pregnant and weighty consequences and issues to his own country, and also to the West where these distinctions are made much of even in their advanced stage of refinement and culture and in spite of all the influence and power of Christianity and progress of Liberalism. He set forth his teachings for the whole world, though one country like India might be in greater need of them at present. How could it be otherwise in the case of one who fully believed in and realized his oneness, his "at-one-ment" with all others ?

But the striking personality of our Rama does not appeal to me only as a great spiritual teacher. He appeals to me, impresses me, forcibly strikes me as a genuine, sincere and devoted patriot, a true lover of "India, the the Motherland," a true and worthy son of Bharata, the *janma bhumi* of great sages, seers and savants, of rishis and munis, ascetics and yogis as well as of the greatest warriors, rulers and heroes; a devoted and faithful *Sevak* (servant) of the holy Arya-varta and a martyr to the cause of the country.

- He has clearly taught us our National Dharma and his utterances inspire us with a sense of the great responsibility we owe to our Motherland as the inheritors of a great and historic past.

It has struck me as very strange that this aspect of Swami Rama's great selfless personality, of him who was "in the world but not of it," this trait of his character has not been noticed and recognised in any of the appreciative articles on him that have appeared in the Press or elsewhere since his "mukti" (release from the cage of the body) in 1906. The seventh part of the Third Volume (of old editions) is enough to amply verify and fully demonstrate the truth of what I have just said above. I dare say that he spoke and wrote about India as fearlessly and boldly as on any abstruse problems of metaphysics, and I may add without fear of contradiction that the great courage and spirit of Martyrdom that he always showed in advocating the cause of the fallen Motherland before foreign nations as in his 'Appeal to the Americans on behalf of India' or in explaining to her unworthy and

degenerate descendants the Path of Rise and Progress after centuries of decay and downfall—a phenomenon the like of which no other great nation of the world has witnessed—have been rare even among our best Sannyasins. Had not dear Rama done so, he would never have been to us what he is now. He who was never afraid of tigers and deadly serpents among which he lived, he whom the terrors of the most desolate wildernesses and the wildest mountains could not terrify, he who never retraced his footsteps in the face of imminent danger, he whom the prospect of instantaneous death by the least slip as when climbing the lofty summits of Sumeru (Bunder Punchh) could not frighten and turn back from his firm resolve to reach the goal in view, he who had conquered mighty Death, he to whom this life and death were really alike, could he, could such a one, I say, be afraid of any human power or being, however high, however great, however mighty? It is to this spirit of perfect fearlessness and independence, this perfect indifference to life and death, this absolute indifference to his future that he owed his bold

and undaunted advocacy of the Truth, truth relating to this world as well as to the next, truth regarding Governments as well as Priestcraft and Civilization. This is what constitutes his glory, this is what makes him great—as great as any man ever was in this age—this is what raises him above many a preacher, teacher, leader and reformer who often begin with setting up to the smooth easy motto of “Work along the line of least resistance” as their fundamental principle, and whose first care is their own safety and the interests of themselves and their kith and kin. This is what proves him a true Sannyasin (सच्चा साधू). Little is known to the general public, even to most of his lovers and admirers, of the unknown persecution by the mundane powers for the Truth he spoke freely in free America and on his return in the land of his birth,—truth that like all the great men and martyrs of the world he spoke irrespective of consequences, regardless of the approbation and disapprobation of those who listened to him; truth—bare, bold, unvarnished; truth not influenced by any worldly motives of sordid

gain or loss or considerations of filthy lucre, truth not meddled with or controlled by the "big men," the multimillionaires of the world. It is this spirit of uttering forth the plain truth—bereft of considerations of policy and expediency,—“the truth, the whole truth and nothing but truth” that makes him a great hero, this is what imparts force and value to his criticism and condemnation of institutions, governments, civilizations, customs, fashions, priestcrafts, pseudo-reformers, cowardly leaders and men in general.

Swami Rama has rendered another eminent service to the Motherland. It is estimated that there are fifty-two lakhs of Sadhus in this country. He has set a very high example to them and presented the true ideal of Sannyasa before them. By his own life and teachings he has shown the futility and absurdity of the mistaken, nay, mischievous notion of Sannyasa, namely, that it consists merely in inaction and retirement, in asceticism and self-mortification of the body. He lived and moved freely among his fellowmen, he travelled far and wide in the

most advanced and civilised lands, he taught and discussed with all who approached him in the right attitude, he lectured and wrote, he dealt with such subjects as 'Married Life' and 'Meat-eating,' thus showing that Sannyasa does not mean retirement, aloofness or inaction, and establishing the claim of Vedanta to be a practical philosophy applicable to the most complex affairs of daily human life and the most recent problems of modern civilization. By his simple and abstemious, yet active life, he has shown all our Sannyasis the right path, the way of life, the keynote to success which their beloved, yet so neglected, Motherland sorely stands in great, urgent need of at this moment. Oh ! what a revolution would it mean in the life and condition of Bharat, what a difference would it make to us, what a prominent and potent factor would it become in the future of our country, if even a few lakhs of our Sadhus—a good many of them so well-meaning but misguided—only realized and followed earnestly in actual life the highest teachings of Vedanta as exemplified in the lives of such noble and elevating

exemplars of Mankind as—to select only a few at random—the Bal Brahmachari Swami Dayanand, Swami Vivekanand, Swami Ram Krishna Paramhansa, Swami Rama and his disciple, Swami Narayana. They have all raised the dignity of Industry and honest Work and shown that a life full of active, strenuous (but unattached) action and struggle is not incompatible with or derogatory to the true spirit of Sannyasa. Swami Rama's deliberate, persistent renunciation of all the worldly prospects (see his Life-sketch by Puran) and of all his worldly relations and connections in the very prime of life and at the very outset of his promising worldly career—two great obstacles and temptations in the way of so many men—has added one more striking example to so many others of the high and irresistible claim of Truth and Motherland on Man. With the irons of the marriage-tie helplessly fettering almost every one in this country so early and so prematurely and without the married people having any choice and voice at any stage in the whole affair, it is strange to me to hear even a learned Shastri

(Master of Art) holding and teaching that our duty to our mothers, sisters and wives, the last of whom have been unlawfully given to us in wedlock at a time when they are incapable even of understanding the nature and object of the marriage bond, was more important, higher and more binding than our supreme duty to the Motherland (*Bharat Janani*) or to the cause of Eternal Truth, Righteousness and Justice.

Swami Rama embodies in himself the highest example of the law of Self-Sacrifice and Renunciation.

But it is not as a Sannyasin alone that he has set a good example and rendered eminent service to India. Even his student life, on which great light has recently been thrown by the publication of the Letters to his Guru, serves as a guide to our students and young men, and solves many of their difficulties and problems. He has shown by his conduct in his School and College career how the difficulty of poverty is capable of being solved in this now impoverished land at any rate. His reverence and obedience, his shyness and

modesty, his sympathy with fellow-students, his patience and peace of mind under very trying circumstances, his habits of application and industry in spite of constant ill-health, his sense of self-respect, his open door hospitality just after passing the M. A., his great popularity and fame as a Lecturer before his assuming Sannyasa, his never caring for the morrow, are some of the points that have struck me during the perusal of his 300 letters out of about 1,100.

These are some of the aspects and characteristics of his short life and sublime teachings that have struck me at once without devoting even an hour to giving the matter any close thought at the time of penning these Introductory lines. I never saw Rama in the flesh and have not yet had the time and opportunity to study him closely. His teachings are at present practically unknown even to the vast majority of his own countrymen. I feel sure that as they are grasped and assimilated more and more, he will be better appreciated, admired and imitated in the future. It has been a great

surprise to me to come to know how great is the number of his lovers and admirers, how widespread all over India they are and how much quiet, unostentatious influence he has exercised over the people of this country, over his fellow-countrymen even of those parts which he hardly visited, during his short sojourn and public ministry in this world.

These works are being already translated into several vernaculars as Gujrati, Marhatti, Hindi,* Tamil. These translations are in different stages of progress. The Urdu Edition of his Works has at last been undertaken by Swami Narayana himself, and the first volume will be out in May next.†

[In connection with these translations and certain other publications as those of Messrs. Ganesh & Co. of Madras, it appears to be necessary to explain here that the right of reproduction and translation has been registered

*The publication of Rama's works in English, Hindi and Urdu has now been taken up by the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow.

† Urdu works are now revised again, and the first two volumes of the new edition are out,

and reserved not with a view to monopolise the work of propagating Rama's teachings in order to make money out of it. Nothing could be farther from our thoughts, nothing could be meaner. But it is simply to ensure the purity, the excellence, the correctness and neatness of the Works published that this step has been reluctantly taken.

It is a great surprise and pity that exercise of control and regulating of work has been grossly misunderstood in several quarters even where such a misunderstanding could not be dreamt of. It appears necessary to Swami Narayana who having been duly recognised and formally installed as Swami Rama's successor on his demise and being formally handed over the keys of Rama Matha and Rama's boxes by the late H. H. the Maharaja of Tehri himself in an open Durbar, has the sole proprietary right (in the *laukik* sense only) to these Works, to safeguard and protect the interests of those who were first in the field to risk their money—in some cases borrowed—at his request or according to his advice. Is it not only fair that he should be

mindful of their interest. Is it not his plain duty? Is it not true that in case of heavy loss those brethren are sure to be discouraged from further publication work on whom Swami Narayana counts at present for it? Is it not morally due to those who have pledged and vowed not to take a pice out of the net profits of the work and who are doing the whole thing in a purely *dharmic* spirit, as a labour of love, that there should be no unfair or premature competition in a business-like spirit from mercenary motives? Will it not be a deplorable spectacle, a sad comment on our admiration for Rama if this purely *dharmic* enterprise leads to or involves litigation?

As regards translations, it is not intended in the least to restrict or discourage them. We earnestly wish that there should be translations into *all* the Vernaculars of the country so that these valuable works may reach the masses also, and all who undertake it in the right spirit are most welcome. But Swami Narayana being always very particular and keen in all his own work about correctness, neatness and

literary form and get-up, it appears absolutely necessary that only those who are qualified in every respect to translate and publish these Works should undertake the sacred work, and that it should not be done by any brother from purely selfish motives of gain, as, I am sorry to state, has been the case with some in the past. It is also necessary in the interests of Translators and Publishers (of Translations) themselves that we should be kept informed of those who are doing it, so that they may not suffer from undue competition, as may happen by several gentlemen publishing a translation *in the same vernacular* simultaneously and without knowing of each other's undertaking. It is simply with such highest motives that the enterprise of others is only being *controlled*.

What a pity that this attempt should be misunderstood, even condemned by some who subscribe themselves as great admirers and lovers of Rama ! How long shall all good and useful work in our country suffer from the curse of such misunderstandings, petty jealousies, selfishness and other vices that serve

as impediments ! I fully trust that the above lines will clear the matter and remove such misunderstandings and differences as have recently risen in certain brethren's minds through ignorance of our motives and reasons of the course we have been obliged to adopt owing to the abuse of their privilege by some of them.]*

It is clear from all the above that Swami Rama's influence belongs more to the Future than to the Past and that he will exercise a more prominent and powerful influence over the future course of events in this country than is now known or realized, as he would have done had he not prematurely left us so suddenly. His worth will be better known, understood and realized now that he is no more with us in the flesh. Will it be out of place for me to suggest here that all sincere and devoted admirers and lovers of Rama may meet once a year, if possible and convenient,

*The copyright of the Works is now vested with the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow, and permission for translations in all languages should be obtained from it only.

on the day of his demise or birth at some central place like Delhi or in different places by rotation to which different brethren may invite, to exchange views, to study together Rama and to consider and decide what steps should be taken to expound and propagate his teachings throughout the length and breadth of the country?

It remains for me now to record my best thanks to all those who have rendered me great and valuable help in many ways in this great enterprise. Swami Narayana has been my guide and helper throughout—without him I could not have done it. Some have helped me by their criticisms and valuable suggestions, some by making necessary alterations and corrections in language, some by copying and typing from the original manuscripts, some by reading to me from the original while I was going through the proofs, some even in the drudgery of despatch work, and last but not least a good many have actively and zealously co-operated in making the publication known to others and inducing them to get and read the Volumes. If I

should specify and select even a few names, it would make this lengthy Introduction too long. So I avail myself of this opportunity of sincerely thanking them all and of reminding them that they have still to do much in various ways.

May Rama's choicest blessings fall upon them ! May it fall to the lot of many to take up the Cross of Truth and Justice and follow the noble and elevating example of Rama !

In conclusion, I apologise to all the readers for the length of these observations written in great haste just a few days before the belated publication of this Volume in a foreign language of which I do not profess to have a great command and also for the great delay which has occurred in its publication owing to unavoidable reasons. I would also wish it to be clearly understood that while acknowledging my great debt of spiritual benefit which I owe to Swami Rama and expressing my great admiration for him, I am prepared to subscribe to *all* the doctrines which he has propounded and only am

anxious to make his whole teaching known to the world.

Delhi,
26th April, 1913.

} AMIR CHAND

P. S.

I also feel it my duty to acknowledge the kindness of the well-known Rev. C. F. Andrews, M. A. (Professor, St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and now comrade of Mahatma Gandhi) who, besides writing the Introduction to the First Volume, has helped me by looking over and correcting the English of this Introduction. The photo of Swami Narayana has been put in this volume entirely on my own initiative. It appeared to me appropriate that it should have a place in this, the last volume.

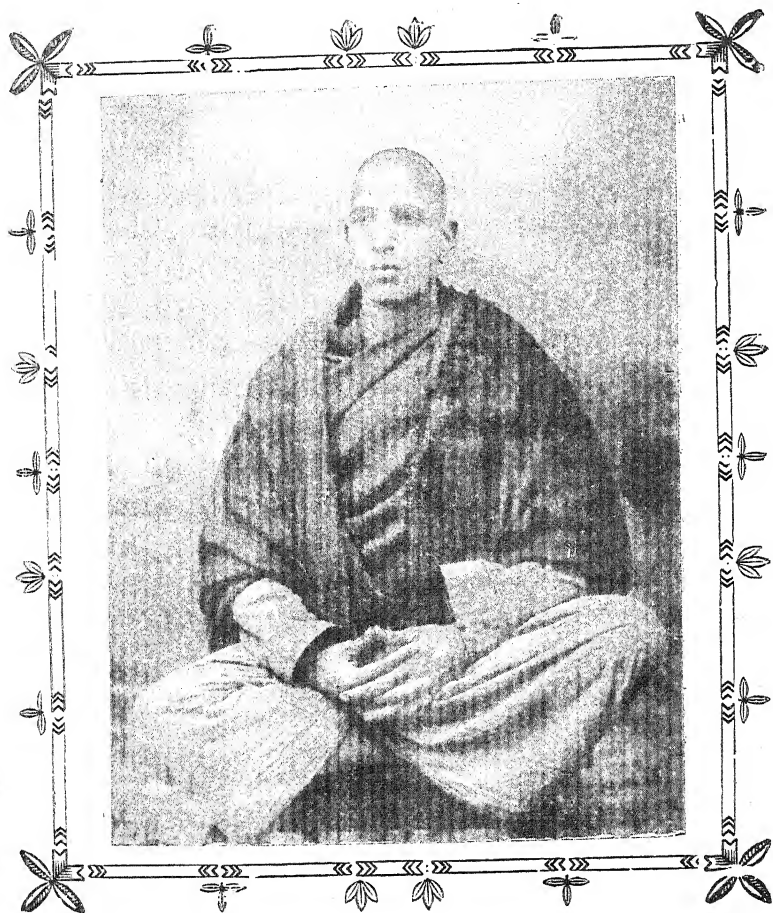
INTRODUCTION

(TO THIS NEW EDITION)

A perusal of the introduction by the Late L. Amir Chand will make it quite clear that the League does not want to stand in the way of other persons publishing Rama's Works but is, on the other hand, anxious to propagate the inspiring teachings of Swami Rama, as much as possible, so that one and all may be benefitted by them. The only safe guard and control which the League has in view, is the purity of language, nice get up, and cheap price which may be within the means of all. If any publisher or translator will undertake to translate and publish the Works under the said safe guards and control, the League will be glad to give him permission for it.

It will be evident from the perusal of the publisher's note that these note books have been received and rearranged and brought out in an improved form in this new Edition in two nice handy Volumes.

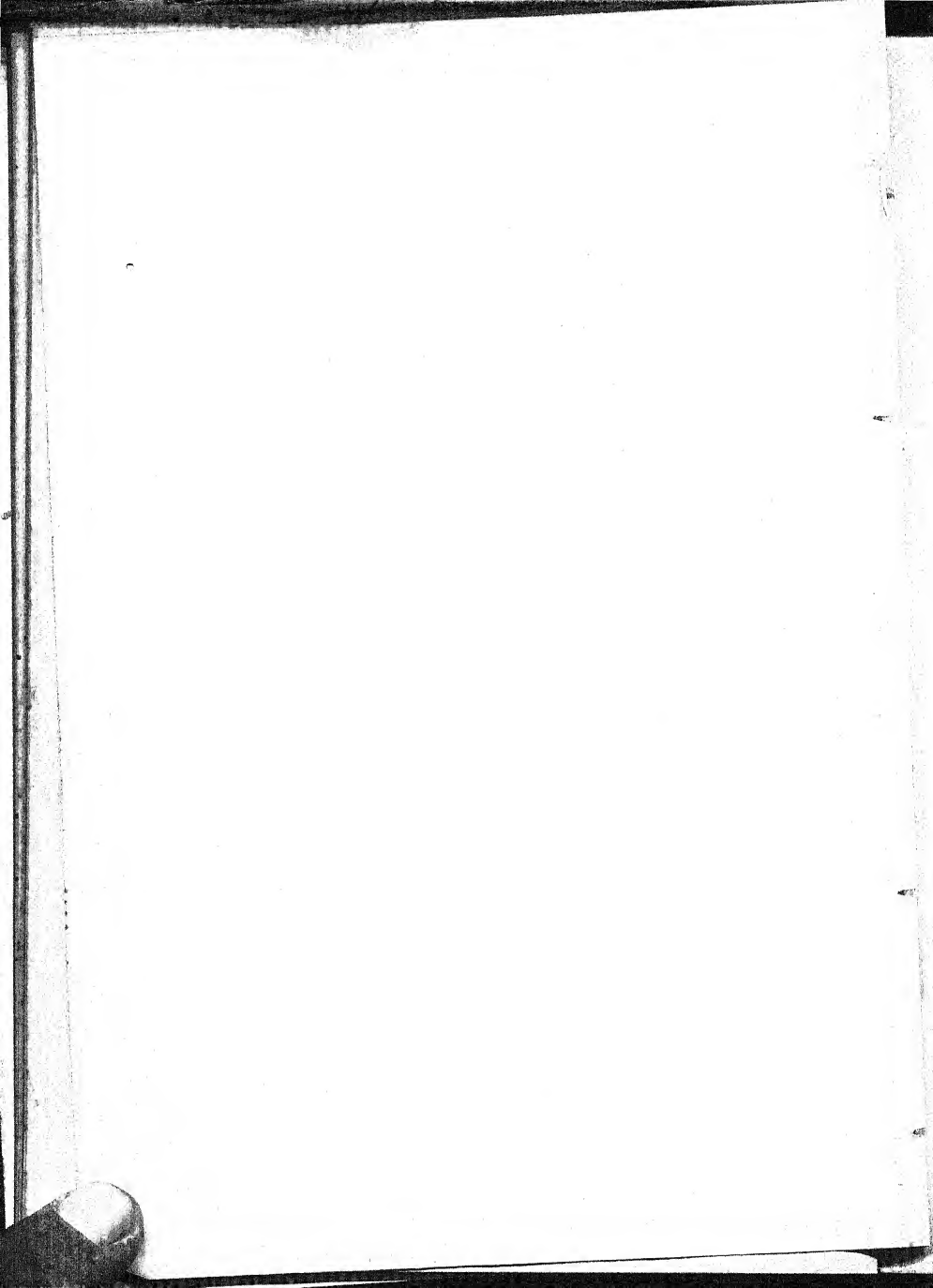
May the message of Swami Rama, contained in these volumes inspire one and all.
Lucknow, 26th July 1932 B. P. Bhatnagar



R. S. NARAYANA SWAMI

HYDERABAD (SINDH)

1905



A BRIEF LIFE SKETCH OF SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

BY

Mr. Narayana Swaroop, B. A., L. T.,
(One of the patrons of the League.)

Swami Rama, previously known as Gosain
1. Birth and Tirtha Rama, M. A., was born on
Family. Wednesday, the 22nd October, 1873,
on the day following the Diwali at Muraliwala,
a small village in the District of Gujranwala,
Punjab. Born in the family of Gosain Brahmans,
he was the direct descendant of Gosain Tulsi
Das, the famous author of the Hindi Ramayana
and in the line of Rishi Vasishta, the Guru
of Bhagwan Rama Chandra.

His father Gosain Hirananda had no means
of livelihood except what he received as gifts
in his priestly tours to Peshawar and Swat.
His mother passed away when he was but a
few days old, and he was brought up by
his elder brother Gosain Guru Das and
his old aunt. Swami Rama was thus born
under the lowly roof of a poor but noble
Brahman family.

He was brought up on cow's milk and remained very weak and thin during his childhood. His aunt, who was a model of goodness, chastity and devotion, used to take the little Rama along with her to temples and shrines where the worship of the Deity, the recitations from the Puranas, the Mahabharat and the Bhagwat, and the blowing of the conches had a strange fascination and charm for him, so much so that he used to cry if he heard the conches blow in the neighbourhood, and no toys, no sweets, nothing indeed satisfied the baby short of its being taken to the place of worship.

As a child he was very attentive in listening to the recitations of the sacred lore and would rather forego his meals or even the much-loved studies than not go to attend the 'Kathas'.

He ruminated over the stories he had heard with a precocious mind, put questions and offered appropriate explanations. His village people bear testimony to his unusual intelligence, his contemplative nature and his love of solitude.

Thus the devotional songs and stories and the sacred sound of the conches had early impressed the baby mind and sown the seeds of intense longing for the Divine.

Quite an uncommon child, it was predicted by astrologers that he was the coming genius of his race, the illuminator of faith, a traveller of foreign lands, and had danger of life by water in his 33rd year. This prediction came true literally.

While he was yet a baby, only two years old Rama was betrothed by his father to the infant daughter of Pandit Rama Chandra of Veroki in the Tehsil Wazirabad of District Gujranwala, and was married in his tenth year. It can only be imagined how this early marriage stood in the way of Rama's studies later on, but at the time he was too young to make any protests. It points forcibly to one of the evil customs of our Hindu Society which not a few still follow in their ignorance and only succeed in putting a double burden of a student and household life on the shoulders of their younger generations stunting their growth, undermining

3. Early Marriage.

their health and intellect, and ruining their lives for good.

It was through sheer strength of determination, devotion and love for studies that Rama successfully met and overcame every obstacle put in his way.

He became a student at the age of five. He was admitted into a Vernacular Primary School in the village Murali wala.

4. Student
Life.

Though tiny in size and simple in habits, he had a splendid memory and was both intelligent and industrious. The Head Maulvi of the school was at times quite astonished at his intelligence and memory. At this early age in his 5th class, he had finished Gulistan and Bostan (the two standard Persian books) besides the school-books, and had committed to memory a large number of Urdu poems.

(i) Primary
Education.

But he was not given to sports and games at all. The whole day was spent in study, and in the evening as soon as he got leisure he used to go to Dharmashalla to hear the much loved recitations of the sacred books. On his

return he took his evening meals and recited before his admiring relations each and every word of what he had heard without any additions or alterations whatever.

After finishing the primary education he went with his father to the High School in Gujranwala, a distance of about 7 miles from his village. Being only ten years old he was there left by his father under the protection of his able and kind friend Bhagat Dhanna Ramji, who was consequently regarded by Rama and accepted in true faith and devotion as his Guru or Spiritual Guide.

He was admitted there in the special class to study English and after coming out successful was taken into the middle class in 1886. He was now 12 years old and cherished an intense devotion towards his Guru whom he wrote his first letter in Urdu from Veroki (his father-in-law's place). In the course of his secondary and college education he exchanged more than a thousand letters with his Guru, many of which have been collected and printed in Urdu in the form of a Book called Rama Patra. They are

(ii) Secondary
Education
and Guru.

highly interesting to read and show the great depth of devotion, faith and respectful attitude which he always had for his Guru, who was not a man of letters.

In 1888 when fourteen and a half years old, he passed his Entrance Examination from the Punjab University, standing first in his school and 38th in the University, and gained a scholarship. Though his father did not want him to read further, he came to Lahore for admission into College. Consequently, he had to subsist on the small sum of scholarship that he had secured from the Municipal Committee, Gujranwala, on account of his first position in the school already mentioned and was admitted in the Mission College, Lahore. In his second year specially, he worked so hard that he was very often ill. It was not unoften that he kept himself absorbed in his studies from sunset to sunrise. Solitude, hard work, and ample time for his studies were what he loved dearly.

He stood first in F. A. in 1890 and also secured the Government scholarship not withstanding his continued

(iii) University Education,

(a) Entrance.

(b) F. A.

illness and the fact that he had taken Sanskrit in F. A. as against Persian which he had studied up to Entrance.

He continued his studies in the B. A. class in the same Mission College with perfect faith in God and his Guru and maintaining life on the scholarship he secured. But when his father saw that he could maintain himself without his help and was not willing to undertake any service according to his wishes, he felt very angry and took Rama's wife with him to Lahore and left her also in charge of poor Rama for a year or so without any kind of support from himself. Gosain Rama had now to face a number of difficulties, *viz.*, the house-rent, the cost of books, the college fee, the expenses for his wife and himself etc, etc. But such was his undaunted courage to meet any difficulties and the supreme love of knowledge for its own sake that he could entirely forget the ordinary comforts and physical needs of daily life.

He would forego an extra suit, an extra loaf or even a day's meal for the oil of his

(c) Trials and
difficulties
in B. A

midnight-lamp and would actually starve for days together without, however, showing the least signs of suffering or sorrow on his face, for he attended College regularly with a calm and peaceful appearance and kept to his studies as usual.

Once Gosain Rama happennd to spend almost all his scholarship in the purchase of his text books and did not care at the time to make provision for other expenses. As a consequence he found out that what he had left was only a very trifling sum which could be spent during the month at the rate of only 3 pice or 9 pies per day. He was at first rather at a loss what to do, but a moment after said to himself that God wanted to test him, that at least beggars did pass their days on two or three pice a day and hence he should not fail under that trial. Rama, therefore, began to subsist on two pice worth of bread in the morning and only one pice worth in the evening. But soon after, one evening the shop-keeper accosted him with the remarks that he took pulse free along with one pice of bread; that such a business could bring

(d) An incident.

him no profit and hence he could no more sell one pice worth of bread to him. Thereupon Rama resolved to partake of food only once a day until he got money again.

Thus with an iron will did he fight his way
 (e) Character as a Student. coolly day and night like a soldier, and win over field after field of knowledge. Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, could not tell upon this supreme passion that he felt towards knowledge. He was a typical student who loved to study not with any hope of gaining worldly ends but for satisfying the evergrowing thirst for knowledge which was firing his soul anew with every new sun. His daily studies were sanctified oblations on the altar of this "*havan kund.*" He was the patient architect of himself from childhood to manhood. He built himself little by little, moment by moment and day by day. It may be said that perhaps the whole career of his further life was sketched already before his mind's eye, because even as a boy he was working so gravely, so silently and so consciously for a definite mission. He had an

angelic nature with a purity and innocence of life rarely met with.

As a student he lived extreme poverty. The dress of the boy Rama consisted
 (f) Dress. of a shirt, a pair of Punjabee trousers and a small turban, each made of a cheap and very coarse country cloth, the entire outfit costing about Rs. 3-0. He always wore native shoes even while studying in B. A. class; and was rather in a fix what to do when he had to use the prescribed pair of boots in the Convocation Hall. Once he lost one of his shoes in a drain while it was raining, and the next day he went to College with the remaining shoe in one foot and an old used shoe of a female in the other. Afterwards he purchased a new pair for nine annas and three pies only.

He had a soft handsome face of a typical Aryan cut. The eyebrows arched over a pair of spectacles covering deep black
 (g) Physical appearance eyes, which showed the mysteries and love of his soul.

In contrast with a big, broad, prominent forehead, showing high intellectual power, there was feminine softness round his lips.

When he was serious, the lower lip pressed against the upper on a small round chin, which betokened indomitable strength of will. But he was bashful like a modest girl. Living as he did in the light of love, he looked transparently pure through his small, frail, fair-coloured body. And yet, under this unassuming humble appearance, there lay hid a remarkable man with some lofty aspirations and noble aims, which the Brahman body thought too sacred to be uttered.

Now to return to our narrative of his studies

(4) Greater Trials. in the B. A. class, we find still greater trials awaiting for

Gosain Rama. In the year in which he appeared for his B. A. examination, there was such a confusion in the examination of English papers that some of the best boys failed to pass while the one who came out first was the boy whom the Principal was not going to send up at all. Poor Rama was also one of those who failed, and he failed by only three marks in English although he was first in the whole University in the aggregate of marks.

There was a great agitation and discussion in the papers which resulted in the passing of a new rule in the University, though nothing could be done for Rama. It came into force from the next year and provided for the re-examination of the answer-books of a body who failed by only five marks. Rama had, therefore, to accept his hard lot and to continue his studies in B. A., for one year more. That very year a state-scholarship was awarded for the study of Mathematics in England to a candidate who was not over 21 years and had passed his B. A. or M. A., in Mathematics. This was eligible for Rama but as he failed in B. A., he could no longer get it.

Again, the scholarship, which he was hitherto getting, was also stopped owing to his failure in B. A. This was a moment of sore trial for him and although he saw only gloominess all around yet his trust in God never forsook him and his courage never failed him.

He resolved all the more firmly to pass his

(j) Resoluton
and Self-
Surrender.

B.A. examination and with tears in his eyes he prayed to God in solitude making a total self-surrender of himself. From the depths of his grieved heart came forth the well-known couplet:—

त्वमेव माता च पिता त्वमेव । त्वमेव बन्धुश्च सखा त्वमेव ॥

त्वमेव विद्या द्रविण त्वमेव । त्वमेव सर्वं मम देवदेव ॥

Thou alone art my mother and father,

Thou alone my relation and friend.

Thou art knowledge, Thou art wealth,

Thou art all, my God of gods !

The next day, when he got himself admitted in B. A, again, he found
(k) Unexpected help. to his great surprise that the College sweetseller L. Jhandu Mall came full of sympathy and requested him to dine thereafter daily at his house. Rama, of course, accepted the timely offer and invitation. The generous sweetseller not only helped him with food but provided him with clothes also from time to time and also a free house to live in. In times of great need he was helped with money and food by one of his relatives also namely P. Raghunath Mal, Assistant

Surgeon, who was also his teacher for some time. Not only this but the Principal called him and handed over a sum of Rs. 53-0 only saying that it was given to him for Rama by somebody. He hesitated to accept the whole sum but only half of it, and entreated the Principal to spend the other half for some College purpose, or, to pay to Mr. Gilbertson, the Professor of Mathematics, who had been very generously paying up half of his College fee. But the Principal pressed him to accept it and he had to do so. Moreover, he undertook some private tuitions also, even giving free instructions to some in his hard pressed time, for he took a great delight in teaching. Thus he toiled on till the time was ripe to send the University fee of Rs. 30-0 only. "God helps those who help themselves." Just when he was thinking about it and how to meet the difficulty, Mr. Gilbertson, who was extremely pleased with Rama's industry and intelligence, called him apart and gave him something wrapped in a piece of paper. On going home he opened the little packet and found to his surprise the exact sum of Rs. 30-0 only.

In his test examination, he stood first
gaining 60 marks more than

(l) B. A. Test

were required for First Division.

In mathematics he gained 145 marks out of 150. He had so much self-confidence when he appeared in his B A. examination that in his mathematics paper while he had a choice of doing any 9 questions out of 13, he solved all of them and requested the examiner to select any nine, although the paper was a stiff one and other boys were able to do 3 or 4 questions only at their best.

In 1893, his success was a marked one, for

(m) B. A Result

he stood First in the Punjab

University in B. A., and in First Division, securing 310 marks. He also gained two scholarships, amounting to Rs. 60- per month besides a gold medal, a gown, and other rewards. All this was the result of his perfect trust in God and firm determination.

He was now nineteen and a half years old

(n) M. A. Study

when he entered for his M. A.

in Mathematics in the Government College, Lahore, as there was then no M. A. class in the Mission College. He used

to teach his class-fellows with so much pleasure, that he used to leave off his own work at once, however busily engaged, if any of them asked him a question. While studying for his M.A., he also acted as an honorary professor of Mathematics in the Forman Christian College, where he had himself studied, and worked for about two years thinking it to be his duty to discharge the debt he owed to his Alma Mater. He used to study at least four or five books on the same subject. He was the idol of all his teachers who were always very kind to him. When he passed his B. A., with distinction, he had a chance to accept the State-scholarship for Civil Service, but he only liked to be a teacher or preacher.

In one of his letters to his Guru, dated the 9th February 1894, he writes about
(o) Daily routine
in m. A. his daily routine as follows:—

“I rise from bed at about 5 A. m. and study till 7 A.M., then go to answer the call of nature, take my daily bath and exercise. After that I go to Panditji (reading in the way). There, after an hour, I take my food and go to College along with him in a conveyance. On

LIFE-SKETCH OF SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA. xLi

return from College I take milk in the way and after a few minutes' stay at home I proceed towards the river Ravi where I take a walk for about half an hour by its side. On my return I make a round of the city through its gardens and reaching home again walk up and down the roof of the upper story of the house until it becomes dark. But you should not forget that I walk up and down never without studying from a book at the same time. On dusk I take my exercise and after it read till 7 p. m. Then I go to take my meals and to teach Prem, a student. On return I take exercise again and then study till about half past ten in the night and lastly go to bed. It is my experience that it is only when our stomach is in a healthy condition that we feel cheerful and buoyant, concentrated and keen in intellect and memory and can offer our prayers to Him with a pure heart. I, for one, partake of food very sparingly and what I do eat I make it a point to digest it thoroughly."

It may be remembered that being very
(p) Food and studious, Rama was, in his
Exercise. student-life even up to B.A.

very weak in health, often suffering from fever, headache and constipation of which he wrote to his Guru in some of his letters. But now he realized the value of open air exercise and light but nourishing food well digested. In his M. A., in 1894, he took delight in taking pure milk so much that he wholly subsisted on it and took long walks, often of 30 miles without feeling tired. On the contrary he felt very healthy, light and clear in brain. He invented new and old exercises but very effective at the same time. One of them was to raise and lower slowly a bedstead (charpai) which he could do 160 times and which the strongest of the College boys could not do more than 20 times. He never used an umbrella even in the hottest sun or the rainiest day.

In 1895, when Rama was about 20 years old, he obtained his M. A. degree
 (g) M. A. Result. in Mathematics with a very high percentage of marks, although the Mathematics papers that year were specially hard, the like of which (as Rama himself says) were never before set in any Indian University in M. A.

‘Mr. W. Bell, then Principal of the Government College, Lahore, thought very highly of his exceptional attainments and wished him to go up for the competitive Examination of the Provincial Civil Service. But Gosain Rama’s own desire was to teach Mathematics which he had acquired with an infinite amount of labour. He thought in those days of taking the State Scholarship—as was his right that year and going to Cambridge for the Blue Ribbon. But he was destined to be a greater man in another line than a mere Senior Wrangler, and the scholarship was given to a young Mohammedan’.

For sometime, after his M. A. in 1895, he opened Private Classes in Mathematics for F. A. and B. A., students on Rs. 10 and Rs. 15 each, per month, respectively, and besides these students one or two professors of the Colleges also came to study with him. All this was a very hard work and told upon his health. So he had to return to his home Muraliwala in Gujranwala. After regaining health a few months after he came back to

5. Service and
Public work.

Lahore and became a member and later on the Secretary of the Education Committee of Sanatana Dharama Sabha. In the meanwhile he learnt the art of Drawing in the Anglo Vedic College, Lahore.

Then near the end of 1895, he became the
 (1) Sialkote. Second Master of American
 Mission High School, Sialkote, on
 Rs. 80 p. m. and in a few days he became
 known among the boys as one who could
 multiply, by memory, sums reaching to millions.
 Many a boy from distant places flocked in his
 school and he was on such familiar terms with
 them that whatever they asked for, he gave
 them without hesitation. Any boy could,
 according to his need, go and drink milk from
 the sweet-seller on Rama's account. Thus he
 spent the whole of his pay on students and
 passed a simple life among them full of mercy,
 sympathy and unselfishness. He also took part
 in the local Sanatana Dharma Sabha and other
 religious bodies giving his inspiring lectures as
 at Lahore.

In 1896, he also became the Superintendent
 of the Mission Boarding House, Sialkote, but

only after a month or two, in the same year he got an appointment as Professor of Mathematics in the Forman Christian College, Lahore.

He also acted as Reader for a short time in the Oriental College, Lahore.

(ii) Lahore.

Whatever he got as his pay of professorship he used to distribute, almost the whole of it, at once among the deserving persons and thus left for himself a very scanty and trifling sum month by month. He cared not for his own physical self and its comforts, nor for wealth, or clothes, or material needs, but was being gradually transformed and coloured inwardly with true mental renunciation (Vairagya).

He had an intense love for Bhagwad Gita and read and re-read it time

(6) Devotion to Krishna.

after time till he had dived deep into its inner meanings and made himself one with it. His devotion to Shri Krishna developed to such an intensity that many a night found him weeping constantly in his separation so much so that his bed sheets were found all wet in the morning. He would go to the Ravi-side and remain

absorbed in meditation till late in the night. All his holidays were spent in constant thought of his beloved Krishna, and if he lectured in Sanatana Dharma Sabha on 'Bhakti' or 'Krishna' all the words that dropped from his lips were quite wet with tears. At this stage of his spiritual development he very often beheld the cloud-coloured Krishna with a bamboo flute on his lips and dancing on the head of a cobra, face to face, with his eyes open and his senses all about himself.

His Holiness Jagadguru Shri 1108 Shri Raj Rajeshwar Tirtha Swamiji, Shankaracharya of Sharada Matha, Dwarka, Kathiawar happened to come in Lahore during these days. He was

very proficient in Upanishads and Vedanta, and was so learned in Sanskrit language and the Shastras that he had no equal.

Gosain Rama had the occasion to receive him on behalf of the Sanatana Dharma Sabha and had full opportunity to enjoy his blessed company.

His intense devotion to Krishna now

7. (1) Jagad Guru's
reception
and
Vedanta.

changed its direction and worked with an equal force in search of self-realization, as taught in Vedanta.

He now began to make a thorough study of the Upanishads, the Vedanta-Sutras and other books on Vedanta, and determined to pass his summer vacation in Hardwar and Rishikesh for spiritual exercises and deep meditation on Self. Hence in August 1897, he hired a house by the Ganges-side in Hardwar and began to enjoy the bliss of deep meditation in solitude (the realizing in practice what he studied about Vedanta in theory).

Thus by continued practice, his spiritual bliss developed to such a pitch that on October 25th 1897, the Diwali day, it led

(U) Mental
Renunciation.

him spontaneously to make a total self surrender or renunciation of all and he wrote to his father to the effect that Rama had, on Diwali day, gambled away his body for the Real Self.

After this Rama was ever absorbed in contemplation of the Self or Atman, and knew not day from night but the One Supreme

Realization or the search after the Absolute Truth.

At the same time, in February 1898, in order to taste of the Sweet Nectar of Divine Bliss in company with others, he organized a Sabha at his place called the Advaitamrita Varshini Sabha, which consisted mostly of Sadhus and Mahatmas.

It was held once every week, and whatever conclusions were drawn from an earnest discussion on Vedanta, they were worked upon and practised by the members in solitude for a week and the experiences related before Rama in the next meeting for further instructions. Thus Rama became more and more absorbed in the real Bliss and nothing could shake him from his concentration of mind and inner peace

Although outwardly he was sometimes very busy but inwardly he enjoyed the eternal peace. It was during these very days, in 1898, that for the benefit of the student community Rama delivered a lecture on Mathematics, which was afterwards published in the form of a pamphlet and called

(III) Sabha
8. First Tract.

"How to excel in Mathematics"—the treatise now published again in the present volume. This was his first English speech and written work, and it was followed by writings in different languages.

He had such an intense devotion to study that a whole library of books on religion and philosophy of the West was mastered in a short time. The Rishis of the Upanishads, Patanjali, Jaimini, Kanad, Kapila, Gautama, Vyas, Krishna, Shankara, were as much at his fingers' end as Hafiz, Attar, Shams Tabrez and Maulana Rum; Kant, Schopenhauer, Fichte and Hegel, Goethe and Carlyle were as familiar authors as Tulsi Das, Sur Das, Kabir, Tuka Ram and Nanak, who were undoubtedly his inspirers. He was perfectly at home in Persian, English, Hindi, Urdu and Sanskrit Literatures. He studied the four Vedas in 1906, and was a master Pandit of every Mantra, whose every word he analysed with the acute accuracy of a philologist. Not only had he a mastery over literature but was a keen student of Science and Mathematics. He loved Science and was an amateur chemist.

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While in America he went through in two years, in spite of his strenuous public labours, almost the whole range of American literature taking a particular delight in the free chants of Walt Whitman and Thoreau.

10. Character and Personality. "He was in a strange humour all his own when he judged all the world's authors, prophets, poets, and mystics. There was no pedantry

and not the slightest shadow of affected pride or anything unreal when he acted like an impartial judge in his own way. He was a scholar, scientist and spiritualist of a very high order in one. Simultaneous with his intellectual culture, he had brought his spiritual development to a very high pitch. Crowded

Lahore could no more satisfy the amplitudes of his soul. Whatever time he could get, he would spend in the Himalayan hills and jungles meditating on the Upanishads and the secrets of the Ancient Aryan "*Brahma vidya*."

"It was in the forests of Brahmapuri, near Rishikesh, in 1898, that Rama

11. Realization.

realized his object,—the Atman, the Self. He went there all alone and without any thing but a few Upanishads. Again and again he went over them and meditated by the Ganges-side on bare rocks day and night little caring for rain or sunshine but all absorbed in the one thought of self-realization

He had determined to lose his very life in the attempt or to gain it, and he did succeed.

He attained to that fearless blissful *oneness* state of mind where there is no more delusion or repentance, and knowing or rather realizing which nothing remains to know.

The inner fountains of Divine Bliss were now incessantly and spontaneously flowing out of him and shedding benediction all around

him. Shrutis and Smritis, verses and songs, thoughts and things, questions of philosophy and religion, politics and society, whatever now came from him, were changed by the mysterious effects of his inner soul and came out with refreshing beauty in a new form, wearing garment of Rama-consciousness. He saw the Universe in Himself and Himself in the Universe. He enunciated the great law that "the whole Universe serves one as his body, when he feels the Universal soul as his very self."

Not only a spiritualist and a veritable prince of all Oriental dreamers and Yogis, he was a great champion of physical exercise. He delighted in designing new methods of physical exercise. He could never forego his daily exercise. He was seen, even a few minutes before his death, taking, as was his wont, his physical exercise. Thus out of a thin frail body, he managed to emerge a strong man of staglike nimble activity. He was a great and swift walker. He could walk more than 40 miles a day as a Swami in the Himalayan hills. He won

in America a 40 miles race, which he ran out of fun in competition with some American soldiers coming two hours ahead of the winner. He scaled Gangottari, Yamunottari, Badari and Kedarnath peaks, clad in a small strip of a loin-cloth and a blanket. He crossed from Yamunottari to Gangottari through glaciers. He lived in snows, slept in caves, in thick dreary jungles all alone. He would roam about at midnight in dark jungles defying death and fear. He was so fearless, so bold, so vehement, so strong and so roseate and yet he was so gentle, unaffected, childlike pure and noble, sincere, earnest and unassuming that all who came in contact with him with a heart yearning for the truth could not but receive inestimable benefit. After each lecture or class-lesson questions were put up, which were always answered so clearly and concisely, sweetly and lovingly. He was ever filled with bliss and peace, a constant spring of bubbling joy and happiness, and ever chanting the sacred syllable Om when not engaged in talking, writing or reading. He saw divinity in each and all, and every one was addressed

by him as "Blessed Divinity."

Free, free was he like a child and saint. He would remain in God-consciousness for days together. His unfaltering devotion to India and his desire to raise her benighted people was indeed perfect self-abnegation.

His personality may be described as explosive. He would remain silent for months together as if he had nothing to say. He remained merged in joy. All of a sudden he will burst out like a volcano and give out his thoughts in a wild manner. Whenever he spoke or wrote, one could be sure of getting something very refreshing and original. His highly cultivated emotion, bold independence of thought and his great towering intellect formed an attractive feature of his personality. He was deeply sincere and irresistably sweet. Mohammedans and Hindus loved him alike. To see him was to feel inspired with new ideals, new powers, new visions and new emotions.

Whatever he taught, he had not only thought upon, but he had actually seen its working in his

13. Personality.
14. Doctrines
and Views.

own life. He used to say that he believed in *experimental religion*. According to him the art of living consists in *luminous belief*. Just as in science, authority has little weight in arriving at Truth, so in religion, authority should have little or no weight and its truth must be tested by trusting your life to it. Every one must reach the inner man, the Self, the Atman, through the failures and successes of his own life or through Self-Realization. Life itself is the greatest revelation. The great idea which runs as an undercurrent in all his discourses is the renunciation of body-consciousness (Ahankara) and the realization of Self to be the Self of universe. The false ego is the cause of all limitations. Eliminate it and the spirit of man is the universal spirit pervading every where and everything. This higher life is to be realised, and Rama sanctions all means by which it may be attained. The bed of thorns or the bed of roses whichever induces the state of realisation in us is to be blessed. Total self-abnegation is the essential prelude to this realisation and it may be affected by different individuals in different ways. Hence he

gives only the general outlines of his main conclusions, and sketches the methods which were most helpful to him

Vedanta is to him by no means a mere intellectual assent but a most solemn and sacred offering of

15. Ideal.

body and mind at the holy altar of Love. Rama's Vedanta is the beautiful calm of that super-consciousness which transcends the limits of body and mind where all sound dies, where the sun and moon get dissolved, where the whole cosmos ripples like a dream and is eddied into the Infinite. It is from here that he throws the ladder for us to reach him and see the sights of the world below. Perennial peace is diffused there and the man is entirely lost in God. All discussion ceases there. And those who are there simply look around and smile and say to every object "thou art good", "thou art pure", "thou art holy", "thou art That."

"Neither the sun shines there, nor sparkles the moon.
Pranas and Sound are hushed into silence,
All life reposes in soul's sweet slumber,
No god, no man, no cosmos there, no soul,
Naught but golden Calm and Peace and Splendour."

In the summer vacation of 1899 he went to
 16. (I) Journeys. make a pleasure trip in
 Kashmir. He visited Srinagar
 and thence went on a pilgrimage to Amar Nath
 also. On his return in the end of 1899 he
 suffered from fever and colic pain to such an
 extent that one night no hope remained of his
 life, when he lay senseless during the night. But
 nature had something different in store and so he
 was alright the next day. Thereafter he desired
 that his thoughts and ideas should reach the
 public as soon as possible. For this an Urdu
 magazine called 'Alif' was started and continued
 for some time from a new press called
 Anand Press, managed by Swami Narayana
 (then Narain Dass) and supported chiefly by L.
 Har Lal. He took great delight in writing original
 articles to this magazine, so much so that he now
 wanted to leave off his two hours service in the
 College also. In the meanwhile having a desire
 to see the sea he went to Karachi and Sukkur,
 where he was honorably received by some kind
 admirers, and passed a few days there in great
 pleasure, although he did not take with him a
 single pie. After the issue of the 3rd Number

of his magazine Alif, he was so saturated with spirituality and overfilled with it that he could no longer remain shut up in his household or the crowded towns.

So, in July 1900, he resigned his service and went to jungles along with a few companions including his wife and children. All of them reached Hardwar and thence they went to Tehri by way of Devaprayag. There they took up their abode in a calm, quiet and lonely but very charming place in a garden by the side of the Ganges.

Here Rama ordered his companions to throw away all the cash if they had any into the Ganges and keeping faith in God to sit all absorbed in Him, Who alone maintains and takes care of all. He said that if any of them suffered from any want, it would be only due to his own want of full faith in Him, and if so it would be far better for such a one to die than to live a miserable life wanting in faith in the Creator, the Divinity, the Self within.

It so happened the same day that Baba

(ii) Vanprastha
Ashram.

(iii) True Faith
and Incident.

Rama Nath, the manager of the Calcutta Kshetra of Rishikesh was touring about in connection with the arrangements of Kshetras of Gangottari-route. He heard about Rama and came to visit him in the garden.

On seeing him all absorbed in God-consciousness he, of his own accord, ordered the shop-keeper, who accompanied him, to supply rupees ten worth of corn every month to these men, engaged in spiritual exercises,

After this strange incident, all of them were struck with wonder, and a firm faith in God took hold of them for future, more than ever. All of them began to practise meditation etc., with full faith and thorough concentration, and Rama now began to contribute to 'Alif' with a greater zeal and fuller energy.

One night Rama, all of a sudden, left all sleeping and went out all alone in the midnight towards Uttar Kashi. When walking or rather feeling his way out in the dark Himalayan gorge, at a time when all was silent, the clouds gathered in, the lightening flashed forth and the rain burst out in a storm over the lovely traveller, 'barefooted,

bare-headed, no umbrella, no clothes, save a single dhoti. But on and on he went until he saw the very path give way before him under the heavy deluge and torrents of water rushing over the steep rocks. And yet Rama was not to be daunted. He scaled and climbed the mountain-side, catching hold of the grasses and boulders, a feat which even a mountain goat could not possibly do under the conditions. In a moment he had crossed the gulf and was shouting on the top of a hill by himself Om ! Om !! Om !!! Nothing could harm, nothing could dare injure the one who had realized himself to be one with the Universal Self. Even Death itself had to await his orders.

On his sudden absence, Rama's wife felt the shock very keenly and fell down in illness from which she could not recover herself even Rama had come back a few days after. And so she desired to go back to her home along with her young son Brahmanand. She was therefore ordered to go back in care of Swami Narayana, who took her to the plains and returned back.

After a period of 6 months of solitary life in the jungles, in the beginning of 1901, just a few days before the passing away of Swami Vivekananda, Rama desired to take Saunnya. He had the permission of the Shankaracharya of Sharada Peetpa, Dwarka, to take Sannyasa by the Ganges-side when he might find himself qualified to do so.

It was now in the midst of the Ganges that he made over charge of his sacred thread to the rushing current and put on his orange robes with a continuous chant of the sacred syllable OM ! OM !! OM !!! After this he remained wrapt in deep meditation and Anand for hours together at the banks of his dear Ganges.

Gosain Tirtha Rama was now Swami Rama Tirtha having come in the order of Tirtha Sannyasi of the Sharada Peetha—Dwarka, and hereafter he began to live all along by himself in the same jungle allowing nobody to see him except on very rare occasions.

After a six months' residence here, as many

17. Further
travels in
Himalayas and
plains.

people began to come for his visit, he changed his place on 14th June 1901 to a cave about 4 or 5 miles away, and after a few months more he left this place also on 16th August 1901 with Narayana and L. Tula Ram for Yamunottari, Gangottari, Triyugi Narayana, Kedar Nath and Badari Narayana. For a month they lived in Yamunottari near the hot springs in a cave and a wooden house, and also made an ascent over the Sumeru Mount, the white snowy peak at the source of the river Yamuna. After this they crossed over snowy hills by a narrow path, direct but dangerous, over which no pilgrim could venture, and reached Gangottri on the 3rd day instead of 10 or 12 days usually taken by others by the ordinary path. Again after a month's stay at Gangottri they went to Kedar Nath and Badri Narayana by way of Triyugi Narayana and reached Badri Narayan a week before Diwali.

The return was made in December 1901 by way of Almorah to Muttra (Mathura), where Swami Rama was invited by Swami Shivagan Acharya who had elected him as Moderator in

chief of a conference of all religions. Here his lectures were attended by thousands who were so attracted by his personality and all pervading love that they followed him like Gopis following Krishna over shrubs and rough ground and sat down on bare ground to listen to him by the Yamuna side till late in the winter-night. Thence he was invited by Rai Bahadur Baij Nath to Agra, by Baboo Ganga Prasad Varma to Lucknow for public lectures and by L. Surjan Lal Pandey to Fyzabad in the second annual meeting of Sadharana Dharma Sabha in February 1902. After that he, in May 1902, retired into the thick jungles of Tehri State in the Himalayas once more for meditation in solitude.

Here the Maharaja Saheb of Tehri, while on his way to Dehradun, happened to touch the skirts of the forest where Rama was residing; and on hearing of Rama, Maharaja Saheb felt very anxious to see him. He had become agnostic through the influence of some Western philosophy like that of Herbert Spencer and did not believe in the existence of God. On meeting Rama, for the first time, all his doubts

were dispelled one by one during a long continued talk and after that he requested Rama to grace Pratapnagar (his summer resort) for his sake which Rama accepted with pleasure.

In July 1902, it was published in the newspapers that a Religious Conference was going to be held in Japan in which all the religious Leaders were invited. Maharaja Saheb of Tehri requested Rama to go to that Conference and preach Vedanta. Rama accepted the request and Maharaja Saheb made all the arrangements for Rama's voyage through Messrs Thomas Cook & Co. Rama went to Calcutta alone but when people insisted much on his taking a companion, Swami Narayana his disciple was taken with him.

They left Calcutta for Japan on 28th August 1902. During the voyage they touched Penang, Hongkong, Shanghai, Naga Saki and finally Yokohama. They were cordially received by the Sindh merchants at these ports and had a week's halt at Hongkong for a change of ship, and Rama lectured there

18. Foreign
Travels.

(i) Japan.

to the all attentive and interested audience. On reaching Japan they learnt that there was no Religious Conference there and that it was all wrong news. However, they proceeded to the capital Tokyo to ascertain the facts for certain and met there many Indian Students who had come to learn arts and sciences in Japan. Rama happened to meet with Mr. Puran there who had just started an Indo-Japanese Club for the promotion and help of Indian Students in Japan, and who was appointed its Secretary. Rama also gave a lecture on Secret of Success in Tokyo College, which produced a deep and lasting effect on the hearts of the Students and Professors.

Professor Chhatre's Circus happened to be there at the time, who became an ardent admirer of Rama, and on his request Rama accompanied him to America. Here Mr. Puran being deeply affected by Rama's speeches took Sannyas to serve all humanity and roamed about in all the Japanese towns and also issued a magazine "Thundering Dawn", but on his return to India he again became a householder and subsequently a sikh (his family religion),

while Swami Narayana, who had accompanied Rama upto Japan, was advised by him to travel in a different direction preaching Vedanta, viz. Burma, Ceylon, Africa and Europe.

Rama when he reached America gave a number of lectures, sometimes
 (ii) America. for three hours together, of which the shorthand notes were taken by the Americans and typewritten copies presented to Rama. Those copies were afterwards printed in India in the form of four volumes called "In Woods of God-Realization".* In America, where everything is sold and has its value in dollars, Rama never allowed his lectures to be attended by tickets although it cost a good deal to hire halls for his lectures. This in itself is a testimony of how much the Americans loved Rama and appreciated his lectures. Rama accompanied Prof. Chhatre upto Seattle (Wash) but after that the Americans made him their own guest, and one of them Dr. Albert Hiller served him with all heart and mind for about a year and a half at San Francisco. Some of the Americans,

*Now they have been published in 8 volumes.

moved by Rama, organized Societies for the help of the poor Indian Students in America, and also to gain daily Spiritual food from the society of Rama they organized a body called the Hermetic Brotherhood. The Americans became so much enamoured of Rama that they took his photo like that of Christ and published it in the Papers under the heading "Living Christ has come to America." The President of the United States also came to visit Rama, and although the Millionaires of America liked to put him up in their palatial buildings, Rama liked forests more and always used to take his abode on some mountain-side far away from the busy haunts of mankind and roamed about in a single thin cloth even in the icy cold of North America living simply on nuts, fruits, vegetables and milk.

He was full of unresistable joy and laughter, and nobody could remain sorry in his company. All doubts vanished like vapours before his sunny face. Once an American lady, a resolute atheist, came to discuss with him, but on seeing Rama all absorbed in

Samadhi, she waited in and when Rama came to his normal consciousness she broke the silence with the words "My lord, I am not an atheist. My doubts have disappeared on seeing you."

Mrs. Wellman, another American lady, loved and admired Rama so deeply that she renounced all Western dress and putting on the Sannyasi's orange robes she wandered from town to town without any money but with full trust in God, and coming to India visited, with great pleasure, the birth place of Ram, the village Muraliwala in the district Gujranwala of Punjab. Such was the universal love of Rama that it not only moved the hearts of Americans but, when he was in Egypt on his return, in Cairo he bewitched the hearts of Mohammedans by his lucid lecture in Persian and was called by them the Hindu Philosopher.

About two and a half years travel in foreign countries Rama returned to India and landed in Bombay in the end of 1904. His first

19. Return to
India.

lecture on his return was organized in Bombay, whence he made a tour through Muttra, Agra,

and Lucknow to Pushkar Raj in Ajmer, giving his worldwide experiences to the all expectant audience. Arya Samajis, Sanatana Dharmis, Brahmo Samajis, Sikhs, even Christians and Mohammedans all alike joined his reception wherever he went. And when asked to start a new society he simply answered that all societies were his own and that he would work through them.

He loved mother India so much so that he realized himself as India incarnate and professed that within 10 years India would get practical Vedanta and that love would conquer hate to unite man's hearts.

In the meanwhile, Swami Narayana leaving Japan visited Hongkong, Singapore, Penang, Burma and Ceylon. After that he went to Africa, visited Port Said, Cairo (Egypt), Alexandria, Gozo, Malta, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco and Gibraltar etc, and lastly reached London in September 1903, where after about a 5 months' stay he fell ill owing to the severe winter and was advised to leave London at once. He therefore in January 1904, on receiving orders

20. Narayana's
Travels.

from Rama returned to India and reached Bombay in July 1904, about six months before Rama's return, and met Rama at Pushkar in the beginning of 1905. In October 1905, when Rama went to Hardwar after a tour in Bengal and U. P. and fell there ill, he came to him from his tour. Rama was dangerously ill for over a week and when recovered went himself to Muzaffarnagar for a change of climate and sent Narayana to Lucknow.

After regaining health, Rama desired to seek solitude and called Narayana back. Hence in November 1905, Rama and

21. Himalayas
again.

Narayana went by way of Hardwar and Rishikesh to Vyas Ashrama, a very fierce and lovely forest on the other side of the Ganges where Rishi Veda Vyas, the author of Mahabharat, is said to have performed his tapas. There they passed their winter of 1905 in lovely straw huts, a mile distant from each other, and there Rama studied Nirukta and Sama Veda again.

In the summer they moved on further to Devaprayag, Tehri, and went to Vasishttha.

Ashrama, a place about 12 or 13 thousand feet high above the sea level and 50 miles far from Tehri, where Rama began to live in the cave of Vasishtha Muni in March 1906, and sent Narayana in his place to the plains to lecture in the various meetings wherever he was invited. But Rama's body soon fell ill and Narayana had to come back after two months. On his arrival they shifted their habitats by a few miles more experimentally, so that Rama now began to live in a cave at a greater height while Narayana moved down in the valley. The scenery round this cave is described by Rama in his letters as the "Garden of Fairies."

There was another cave above this, which was occupied by an enormous snake (Azdaha), while another cave across the valley and just opposite to Rama's was the den of a large tiger who used to look at Rama from his place and sometimes passed by Rama's cave also, which was a large and open one. This cave was quite unprotected either from wild beasts, of which there was no fear for Rama, whom beasts and men all obeyed in his universal love, or from rain which really proved a nuisance

specially when the rains set in and wetted all the clothes and goods, and kept Rama awake during the nights.

He had therefore to quit this place also and came down to the plain in the valley where the hill-men at once constructed for him a Kuti (small hut). Here Mr. Puran with two companions came to see Rama in his Vasishtha Ashrama and lived for about a month. Rama was at this time taking for food only milk, as the local grains did not suit him, and on the arrival of these guests he was pressed by them to take some grain food also. He did so, moved by their love, but he as well as the new comers fell down sick with dysentery and fever. They then asked Rama to move down to plains which he accepted with the limitation not to go beyond Tehri. Hence Narayana went to make the necessary arrangements for departure and Mr. Puran accompanied him to return to the plains.

Rama also walked with them for a mile and in the way told Mr. Puran
 22. Forebodings. that Rama may soon have his pen at rest and his tongue silent, as he had

become too weak physically and that he may perhaps no more visit the plains. Hence he advised that they should now themselves become Rama and read, write and work all absorbed in Him. These remarks brought down a stream of tears in their eyes and it really proved the last meeting with Rama of Mr. Puran.

Now, in order that the place may not be shifted too often, Rama
 23. Last Solitude. searched for a solitude fit for every season at the banks of the Ganges somewhere near Tehri. He did find such place where some Mahatmas had lived for long and which was in a solitude surrounded by the Ganges on three sides. Here Maharaja Saheb of Tehri had at once built for him a Kuti according to Rama's own plan.

Narayana was now told by Rama to go to live in Bamrogi cave some miles away, where they had once previously stayed for some time, and was advised by him to come to see Rama weekly on Sundays unless specially called. When sending off Narayana to the cave, Rama accompanied him for over a mile even barefooted and bare-headed, and on reaching

near Tehri town addressed him with the same remarks as to Mr. Puran that "it may probably soon happen that Rama's pen may cease to run and his tongue may stop to speak. That Rama no more felt inclined to touch any worldly work and may never leave the Ganges-side to go down to the plains again. That wherever he might be invited, Narayana will have to go, and hence he should dive himself deep in Real Rama while in the solitude (cave) and come out of it all heart, body and soul transformed into Rama or Vedanta incarnate.

Narayana had not lived there for five days when suddenly a messenger came there and brought him the most heart-rending news of Rama having been carried away by the Ganges while bathing in it. Rama, while exercising against the rushing waters of the Ganges, as was his wont, this time rather in deep water, was suddenly carried away into a whirlpool where he struggled long, and though finally came out with a strong dive, but being exhausted was carried away further to

24. The Sorrowful
message and end.

midcurrent where at last he left his body uttering loudly Om ! Om !! Om !!!

Narayana and Mr. Puran afterwards found

25. Last Note. on Rama's table the following passage, written in Urdu

language by Rama himself at the end of one Urdu article, entitled "Self-realization is the bond of all progress" (خود مستی تمسک عروج), finished on that very day, just before his going to take bath in the Ganges.

" اندر-رندر-برہما-وشنو-شیو-گنگا etc. بھارت

اوسوت ! بیشک اُڑاے اس ایک جسم کو-میرے
اور اجسام ہی مجھے کم نہیں-صرف چاند کی کرنیں-
چاندی کی تاریں پہن کر چین سے کات سکتا ہوں-پہاڑی
ندی قالون کے بھیس میں گیت گاتا پھرونکا-بحرِ سواج
کے لباس میں لہراتا پھرونکا-میں ہی بادِ خوش خرام
نسیمِ مستانہ گام ہوں-سیری یہہ صورت سیلانی ہر وقت
روانی میں رہتی ہے-اس روپ میں پہاڑوں سے اُترا-
مرچھاتے پودوں کو تازہ کیا-گلون کو ہنسایا-بلبل کو
رلایا-دروازوں کو کھڑ کھڑایا-سوتون کو جگایا-کسی کا
آنسو پونچھا-کسی کا گھونگھٹ اُڑایا-اس کو چھیڑ-اُس کو
چھیڑ-تجھہ کو چھیڑ-ڑہ گیا-ڑہ گیا-نہ کچھہ ساتھ رکھا-
نہ کسی کے ہاتھہ آیا-

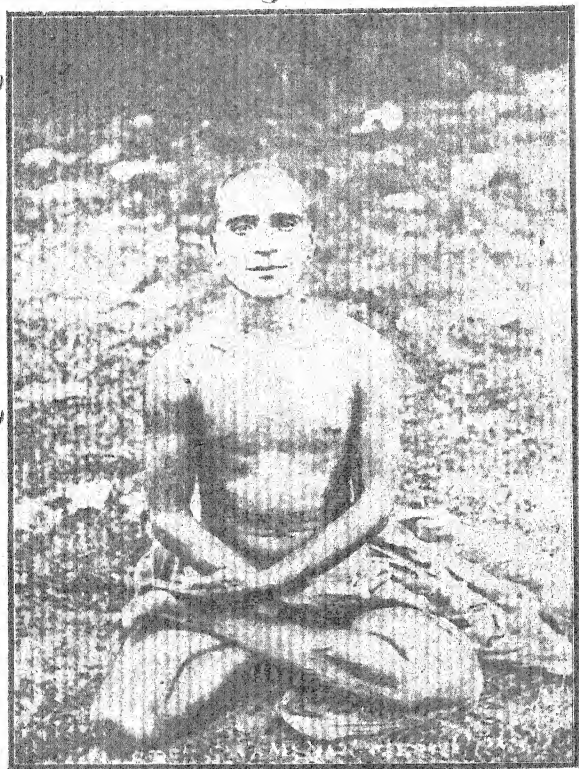
The substance of the above passage runs as follows:—

Indra, Rudra, Brahma, Vishnu, Shiv, Ganga etc. Bharata !

“O Death ! Take away this body if you please ! I care not. I have enough of bodies to use. I can wear those divine silver-threads, the beams of moon, and live. I can roam as divine minstrel, putting on the guise of hilly streams and mountain-brooks. I can dance in the waves of sea. I am the breeze that proudly walks and I am the wind inebriated. My all these shapes are wandering shapes of change. I came down from yonder hills, raised the dead, awakened the sleeping, unveiled the fair faces of some and wiped the tears of few weeping ones. The Bulbul and the rose both I saw and I comforted them. I touched this, I touched that, I doff my hat and off I am. Here I go and there I go, none can find me. I keep nothing with me.”

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

LETTERS
FROM
SWAMI RAMA

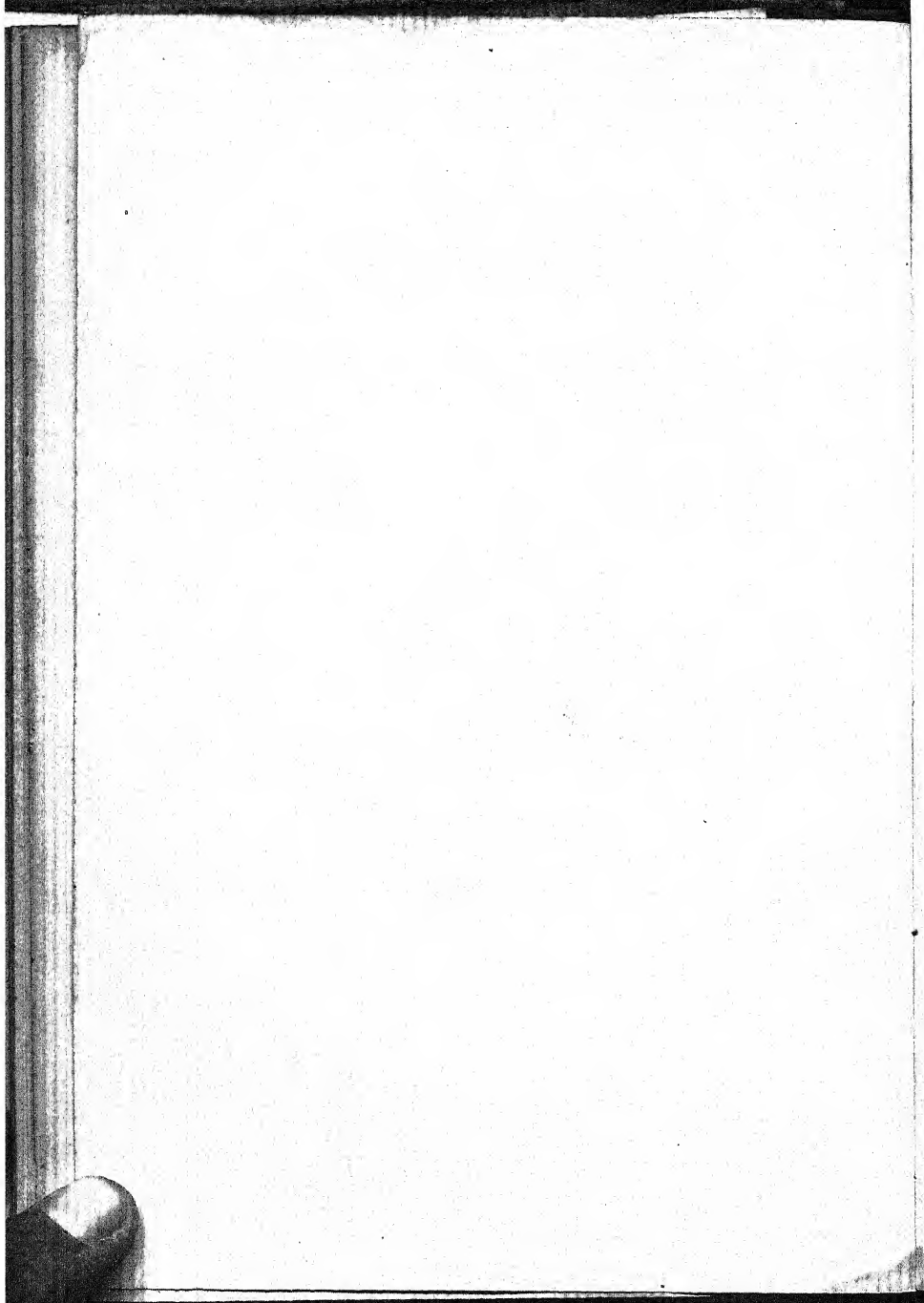


SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

(LAST PHOTO)

BEHRA DUN,

1905.



LETTERS FROM THE HIMALAYAS.

(A) HIMALAYAN SCENES

No. I.

GANGOTRI.

September, 1901.

THE holy Ganges could not bear Rama's separation. She succeeded at last in drawing him to herself after a little more than a month's absence. Notwithstanding all her Jnana (ज्ञान, culture), she began to rain sweet tears of joy on meeting him. Who can describe the nascent beauty and playful freaks of the dear Ganges at Gangotri? Very praiseworthy is the upright character of her playmates, *viz*, the white mountains and innocent Deodar trees. The latter in their tall stature vie with the Persian poet's lady love, while their balmy breath invigorates, exhilarates and elevates.

Here how well can one see that "God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves about in the animal, and wakes up to consciousness in man."

Pilgrims, after leaving Jamnotri, usually reach Gangotri in not less than ten days. In

three days, after leaving Jamnotri, did Rama arrive at Gangotri. He came by a route as yet untrod by an inhabitant of the plains. This route is called the Chhayan Route by mountaineers. Three successive nights were passed in lonely forest caves. We came across no hamlet or hut. No biped was visible throughout the journey.

The Chhayan Route is so called because almost all the year round it is covered with shade. The shade of trees, did I say? No, not at all. What business have trees to make their appearance on such dizzy heights and in a chill climate like that? The route is for the most part enveloped by clouds. Shepherds of villages near Jamnotri and Gangotri, while tending their flocks, every year spend two or three months in forests. They happened to meet near the snow-clad peaks, called Bandar Punchh and Hanuman Mukh, which connect the sources of the two far-famed sister rivers. Thus the route was discovered. Exuberant flowers make almost the whole of the way a veritable field of cloth of gold. Yellow, blue, and purple flowers are met with in wild plenty. Lots of lilies, violets, daisies, and tulips of

different varieties; Guggal, Dhoop, Mamira, Mitha Telia, Salab misri and other herbs with leaves of lovely tints; saffron, Itrasoo and other plants exhaling exceedingly sweet scent; Bher Gadda and lordly Brahma Kanwal with its calyx filled with fine icicles of frost; all these make these mountains a pleasure garden worthy of the Lord of Earth and Heaven.

“O colour, colour, love’s last opulence !

Thy universal language doth enshrine

The mystery of all magnificence,

A supernatural ministry is thine,

These larger forms of speech doth God employ

To shadow forth His own unshadowed joy.”

गोल चन्द का जोवन (योवन) फूट फूट कर बाहर निकल रहा है

Gol Chand ka joban phoot phoot kar bahir nikal raha hai (Beauty is breaking forth everywhere). Zephyrs play freely all around, kissing all they meet, but particularly kissing the brightest hued flowers. At places the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations affected Rama like sweet music. Here one will find present in rich abundance windwafted odour which is sweet and soft; sweet as the smile when fond lovers

meet, and soft as their parting tears. Such fair fields on the tops of these giant mountains are stretched like decorated carpets. Do they serve gods as dining tables or dancing grounds? Murmuring streams and rivers thundering over precipices are not missing in these fairy scenes. On certain summits, vision enjoys perfect freedom, unimpeded it travels far and wide on all sides, no hills to stand in its way, no angry clouds to mar its course. Some of the grand peaks in their zeal to pierce the sky and cleave the cloud-land have, it seems, altogether forgotten to stop and appear to melt into highest heavens.

While dealing with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the haughty mountains, let us not leave unnoticed the trembling splendour of the gem-like morning dew which enhanced not a little the attractiveness of the way. How well is man's mind (जीव) shown in emblem by the tiny transient dew drop upon the lotus leaf! Tiny, transient, ah! yet how pure and sparkling, reflecting the Sun of Righteousness, (ब्रह्मन्) the infinite source of light, in its bosom. O man, art thou the wee little drop or the

Infinite Sun? Indeed, the Light of lights thou art, and not the puny drop. All the Vedas and Rama declare with an emphasis not to be mistaken that it is Thy refulgent glory that lends life and lustre to such fairy lands. Above, below, and everywhere Thy resplendent presence shines. Thou art that power "which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel." It is Thou that delegatest to the morning its smile and to the rose its blush.

Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew,
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but Thine own reflection there.
Thine is the starry moon of night,
The twilight eve—the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.
Thy glory walks in every sphere
And all things whisper, "God is here."

Young Krishna (Gol Chand) had the knack of besmearing the muzzles of calves and goats with a small remnant of butter after stealthily eating to his entire satisfaction the butter of Gopikas. The poor animals were slapped and

abused by the ignorant house-wives ; whereas the dear little innocent thief escaped scot-free. It is the soul of all souls that is carrying matters in his own way, in reality that sorcerer Rama is bringing everything to pass; but through his strange Maya he gets the false ego (*ahankar*) involved in responsibility. Call that butter-eating Krishna innocent, call him naughty, you are the same, reader. Whether juggler or magician, Rama is your true Self. Whatever exists, exists in you, you maintain each and all. Not imprisoned in the isolated pale island of a small body you are. Never, never is the criminal *ahankar* (false ego) your Atman. You are not the poor insignificant drop (जति), you are the mighty ocean.

No. II

THE PRESENT DWELLING

of Rama (*for the eye enamoured of external form*) is a snug cottage, in the Mountain Amphitheatre, surrounded by a green-sward in a lonely natural garden commanding a fair view of the Ganges. Narayana and Tularam live elsewhere. Ram Buti grows in profusion.

here. Sparrows and other birds twitter heartily all the day long. Climate bracing. The song of the Ganges and the chorus of birds keep up a celestial festival all the time. Here the Ganges Valley is very broad. Gangi flows in a vast *maidan*, so to speak. The current, however, is very swift. Still it has several times been waded across by Rama. Kedar and Badri have often enough most affectionately invited Rama Badshah. But dear Gangi, at the very thought of separation, feels sorrowful and crestfallen, and Rama does not like to displease her and see her dejected.

No. III

SUMEROO VISITED.

While living in the Jamnotri Cave, Rama's daily food was Marcha and potatoes once in twenty-four hours. This brought on indigestion. About seven motions every day for three successive days. On the fourth day of ill-health, early in the morning, after bathing in the hot springs, he started on his trip to Sumeroo, wearing no clothes except a Kaupin (a rag round the loins), no shoes, no head-dress,

no umbrella. Five strong mountaineers, having warm clothes on, accompany him. Narayana and Tularam sent back down to Gharsali.

To begin with, we had to cross the infant Jumna three or four times. Then the Jumna Valley was found blocked up by an enormous avalanche about forty-five yards in height and one furlong and a half in length. Steep mountains like two vertical walls stood proudly on both sides. Have they conspired to deter Rama Badshah from advancing further? Never mind! All obstructions must disappear before a strong adamantine will. We began to climb the western mountain-wall. Now and again we could get absolutely no foot-hold and had to support our bodies partly by catching hold of the twigs of fragrant but thorny rose bushes, and partly by entangling our toes in the tender blades of the soft mountain grass called Cha. At times we were within an inch of sure death. A deep abyss with the cold bed of snow filling the Jumna Valley was as a grave wide agape just ready to give too hospitable a reception to any one of the party

whose foot might tremble ever so little. From beneath the slow, faint, murmuring sound of the Jumna was still reaching our ears like the death dirge of muffled drums. Thus we had to move along in the jaws of Death, as it were, for three quarters of an hour. Strange situation indeed, Death staring us in the face on one side, and air redolent with sweet scent refreshing and animating on the other. By this circuitous, dangerous enterprise, we reached at last beyond the awful avalanche. Here the Jumna left. The party ascended a steep mountain. There was no road, no foot-path, nothing of the kind. A thick dense forest was passed where we could not see the wood of the trees. Rama's body received several scratches. After a little more than an hour's struggle in this forest of oak and birch trees we reached open ground covered all over with smaller growth. The atmosphere was charged, rather saturated with delicious odours. The ascent put all the mountaineers out of breath. Even Rama felt it to be good exercise. Inclines of 80° and even more had to be scaled. The ground was for the most part slippery. But all around the stately vistas

and charming flowerage and teeming foliage beguiled the hard journey. European gardeners, in general, get seeds of flowers from places like these to decorate Indian Company Gardens, where the ignorant English speaking young men called them English flowers. But the remarkable peculiarity of most of these flowers is that when planted elsewhere they yield no fragrance, although they retain their original colour.

Young men, puffed up with European education, while reading the re-echoes of the Vedanta through the writings of European Professors, become fond admirers of what they deem to be Western thought, not knowing that the flowers of thought they have taken a fancy for, have been transplanted from their own motherland with this remarkable difference that in the hands of European teachers the wonderful flowers have lost their sweet fragrance of renunciation वैराग्य. Vedanta, as presented by Europeans, keeps the form and colour of philosophy, but loses the delicious scent of realization.

अक्से गुल में रंग है गुल का, व लेकिन बू नहीं ।

Aks-i-gul men rang hai gul ka, wa lekin bu nahin.

What about the health of Rama who had been ailing? He was all right that day, no disease, no fatigue, no complaint of any kind. No mountaineer could go ahead of him. We went on climbing and climbing till every one of the party felt very hungry. By this time we had reached a region where it never rains but snow falls in gracious bounty.

There was no trace of vegetation of any kind on these bald, bleak heights. There had been a fresh snowfall before our arrival.

A red blanket was spread on a big slab of stone as a carpet for Rama. Potatoes that had been boiled the night before were given him to eat. The companions took their stale simple food most thankfully.

Lumps of light and brilliant snow served as (dry solid) water as well as luxury. Just after finishing the meals we were up again. Moving steadily onward and upward we toiled on. One young man fell down exhausted, his lungs and limbs refused to carry him any further ; he complained also of giddiness of head. He was left alone there at that time. Proceeding a

little further, another companion was senseless. "My head," he said, "reels and reels." He also was left to himself for the time being. The rest marched on. After a short while a third companion fell off. His nose began to bleed. With two men now Rama presses on.

Three beautiful Barars (mountain stags) were seen most excellently flitting past.

A fourth companion lags behind, and at last lies down on snow-covered stones. No fluid water was visible round about, but a deep gurgling sound was audible from under the stones where the man lay. One Brahman still accompanies Rama, carrying the aforementioned red blanket, a telescope, a pair of green glasses, and a hatchet. Air became very thin to breathe. Strange enough, two Garurs flew over our heads here. A tedious slope of old, old snow of dark bluish colour, had to be mounted. The companion began to cut steps in the slippery snow in order to make it possible to plant our feet thereon. But the ancient glacier was so rigid that the poor man's hatchet broke down. Then and there we were overtaken by a snow storm. The man's heavy

heart was cheered up by Rama with the assurance that Providence wanted to do more good than harm through the snowfall. And so it proved. The threatening snowfall made it easier for us to trudge along. With the aid of pointed Alpine sticks we mounted the slope, and lo ! there lay before us fair, flat, extensive fields of dazzling snow, miles upon miles in width. A resplendent floor of silver snow shining all around. Joy ! Joy ! Is it not an ocean of radiant milk, splendid, sublime, wonderful, and wonderful ? Rama's joy knew no bounds. He ran on at his full speed on the glaciers at this time putting on his shoulder the red blanket and wearing canvas shoes.

There is no one in his company now, *akhir ke tain hans akela hi sidhara* (आखिर के तई हंस अकेला हो सिधारा)

For nearly three miles he walked over the snows. Sometimes the legs got immersed and were drawn out not without struggle. At last on a snowy mound, the red blanket was spread. Rama sits on it, all alone, above the noises and turmoils of the world, beyond the fumes and furies of the multitude. Perfect silence reigns.

here. What a *shanti* prevails. No sounds of any kind audible except the *anand ghanghor*. (आनंद घनघोर). Most blessed serene solitude !

The veil of cloud became a little less thick. The rays of the sun sifted through the thin cloud fell on the scene and immediately turned the silver snows into burning gold. Very appropriately has this place been called Sumeroo, or the *Mountain of Gold*.

O ye men of the world, mark it, no purple bloom on a lady's cheek, no bright jewellery or fine ornaments, no superb mansions can ever possess an iota of the transcendent enchantment and fascination of this Sumeroo. And numberless Sumeroots like this you will find within you when once you realize your own real Self. All Nature shall do you homage "from cloud to clod, from the blue sky to the green earth, all living creatures therein included from the eagle to the mole." No god shall dare disobey.

Clear up, O sky ! Disperse, ye clouds of ignorance that overhang India ! No more shall ye hover over this blessed land. O Himalayan snows, your Master orders you to

keep fast to your purity and faithfulness to Truth (Light). Never shall ye send waters impregnated with dualism to the plains.

The clouds are rent asunder. The snows all assume ochre-coloured appearance. Have the mountains embraced Sannyas (संन्यास) ? They have certainly put on Rama's livery, what a phenomenon. The mountain-snows look up to Rama in submissive willingness to run his errands.

ओ३म्

Hip Hip Hurrah ! Hip Hip Hurrah !

The rounded world is fair to see,

Nine times folded in mystery :

Though baffled seers cannot impart

The secret of its labouring heart.

Throb time with Nature's throbbing breast,

And all is clear from east to west.

“ Well, ” says the American sage, Nature is the incarnation of a thought and turns to a thought again as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated and the volatile essence is for ever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence this virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects whether inorganic or organised.

Man imprisoned, man crystallised, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated."

Ques.—If the world is my *own* idea (mind precipitated), why do not the external objects change at my will?

Ans.—Says Gaurapada Acharya : " Mere thought in the dreamland divides itself into *external* objects on the one hand and internal emotions, desires and so forth on the other. Moreover, the internal thought in that state seems to be in one's control, changeable and comparatively unreal ; whereas the external objects (as in a nightmare) appear to possess comparatively uncontrollable, stable reality of their own.

Now, as a matter of fact, from the point of view of man in the wakeful state, both the real and the unreal, the external and the internal aspects of a dream, are but idea, pure and simple, and they are besides one's *own* idea, one's *own* creation. Again, in the wakeful state, people distinguish between what they call stern constant external objects and the unreal internal thought. But to the man of self-realization the hard objects, no less than

the variable thoughts in the long run, become non-entity like a dream, and so long as their appearance lasts, they affect him as his own; even though they cannot be altered at will, yet they are his own ideas. Your intellect cannot give an explanation of the growth of your hair or of the bloom of your face, still you regard the hair and the fair complexion *your own*. Just so, a Jiwan Mukta finding himself to be the Self of all must regard every object his *own*. He is all love. For him even the appearance of the real as well as the ideal is gradually relieved by the One only, without a Second Consciousness.

MAYA

Torch whirling (Mahratti, jwala) is not uncommon in certain parts of India. The glowing flame looks now like a broad circle of light, now appears to be an unbroken streak of fire, again assumes an elliptical form, goes up, comes down, and manifests many amusing phenomena. Are these phenomena inherent in the flame? Do they come out of the torch or firebrand? Do they come from without?

When the Mahratti is not revolving, do the phenomena enter into it? Or do they go elsewhere? To all these queries one has to answer in the negative. The torch in whirling *motion* exhibits straight and curved lines; when *motion* stops, there is no trace of such appearances in the torch. Even when the torch was in rapid motion, the curves, though visible, were far from being real.

Just so, Absolute consciousness (शुद्ध चैतन्य) like the firebrand at rest has no trace of manifold names and forms (the phenomenal worlds); and even when the variety of names and forms makes an appearance, their appearance is illusory like that of the Mahratti phenomena; Consciousness (चित्) being always untouched and untainted by them. The one indivisible flame (light, ज्योति) is ever present in all the phenomena, but the phenomena do never exist in the flame (light, ज्योति). Similarly, in all names and forms Rama is ब्रह्म manifest, but in Rama names and forms are evanescent. As the Mahratti phenomena owe their seeming existence to motion, so the multiplicity of names and forms (that make

up the world) owe their seeming existence to the Maya Shakti of चैतन्य.

इन्द्रो मायाभिः पुरुषरूप ईयते ।

Shakti or power has not any existence of its own. It may be manifested, it may not be manifested. It cannot exist apart. This माया Shakti in the case of the individual is revealed as what may be called Consciousness's motion or activity, *manas* (mind). *Manas* in motion and the phenomenal world being the obverse and reverse of one and the same thing ; *Manas* at rest is identical with Consciousness. The Absolute (Brahma, ब्रह्म) *Manas*, purged of its dross (desires, attachment) loses its fickleness and tends to become steady. Perfect steadiness being attained, *manas* is one with Brahma. By this *sakshatkar*, Maya is overcome and the world is converted into a Garden of Eden, the Lost Paradise is immediately regained. Beauty breaks in everywhere. The sense of separateness being killed out, all cares and anxieties are merged in the supremely sublime Existence, Consciousness and Bliss for ever and ever.

A young man in the presence of Rama

plucked a beautiful rose with a view to enjoy its smell. No sooner did he bring it in contact with his nose than a bee stung him just on the tip of the nose. The man cried with pain, the rose fell from his hand.

Do the petals of every rose enfold a bee ?

✓ Certainly, there is not a rose of sensual pleasure which has not got the bee of injury concealed in it. Unbridled desires must be punished by inevitable pain.

Ye given to dreadful oblivion, forget not your own Self. Ye need not pluck the gaudy rose, wherever the full blown rose lies there you are, its vermillion or sweet scent is your own. King, his shakes are yours ; Beauty, her charms are yours ; diamond or gold, its burning rays are yours. Why entertain vain desires, and what for ? Realise your unity with the All. Feel your oneness with God. You are that divine Krishna who danced hand in hand with every one of the hundreds of Gopis at one and the same time. In the sea as well as in the palace, in the garden as well as in the desert, in the battle field or the private chamber you are always equally present.

Rama cries from the tops of the highest mountains: Ye who complain of weakness and poverty, verily ye are Lord Almighty, ye are Rama himself. Imprison not yourselves in your own thought; wake up, wake up, shake off your sleep and this dream of a world. Why grovel in misery and helplessness, when it is no other than your own Self which is all in all? O, rise up to Self-Consciousness, and all sorrows shall vanish, ye are the essence of all happiness, ye are the soul of all joy. Nothing can do you harm. For Rama's sake, know your *Atman* (आत्मन). Why delay? Know it, as it ought to be known. Are ye not hunting after happiness day and night with unremitting zeal and unflagging efforts, but with unfailing failure? Don't make fools of yourselves. Seek not happiness in the objects of the senses. Dupes of senses! give up your vain search outside. The ocean of immortality is within you. The kingdom of heaven is within you. Ye are the nectar of nectars. Let both the mind and the world be melted down in God-Consciousness. Just abandon your little selves to blessed madness. Ye dear ones, why

care so much for the quarantine of a mortal body. Harbour not a single thought within you as to what shall become of this not-self. Banish the superstition of all relations. Let the eyes perish that do not see God. Woe unto the heart that cherishes the disease of desires. Wipe away all ungodliness. Hold fast to your true position. No praise or blame can come up there, no sorrow or petty joy can disturb then. Receive Divinity into the ship and then let all go:—Let go the shore, let go the little self, let go the sail ! Yea, let the gale of वैराग्य (Divine Love) take the poor flimsy dark cotton sail of this frail human bark and waft it right out on the ocean of God-Consciousness. Happy is he who is drowned in heavenly intoxication. Blessed is he who is dead drunk in divine madness. Worshipful is he who is absorbed in deep *Atmanand* and Supreme Bliss, being lost to the world.

Rama.

OM



OM

* * * * *

But thou art the root of things present,
past, and future.

Thou art father and mother ;

Thou art masculine ;
 Thou art feminine ;
 Hail ! root of the world ;
 Hail ! centre of things ;
 Unity of Divine numbers.

* * * * *

Thou art what produces,
 Thou art what is produced ;
 Thou art what enlightens ;
 Thou art what is enlightened ;
 Thou art what appears,
 Thou art what is hidden,
 By Thy own brightness.

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No. IV

VASISHTHA ASHRAM.

This evening it stopped raining. The clouds, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes and different degrees of thickness, have somewhat parted in different directions. Light refracted and reflected from them makes the entire scene a blazing sphere of glory. Then the playful children of heaven put on fascinating colours of all varieties. What painter could paint ? What observer could note all the passing shades and hues ? Look where you will, the

eyes are charmed by the orange, purple, violet and pink colours and their indescribable varieties, while between these the ever-welcome blue black ground is out here and there. The effulgent glory brings on ecstasy, and tears of joy appear in Rama's eyes. The clouds dissolve, but leave a permanent message behind. They brought a cup of nectar from the Lord and went back to Him. Such are in fact all attractive objects. They appear, reflect Rama's glory for a second and dissolve. Insane indeed must he be who falls in love with the passing clouds, and yet folks endeavour to hold fast to the unsteady clouds of seeming things and cry on like children finding them gone. How amusing! O! I cannot suppress a laughter.

Others again expend all their time in minutely observing and faithfully noting down the smallest details of transitory changes in clouds (phenomena). O me! What are these creatures! There is a flood of glory around them and yet they care not to slake their raging thirst for light. These are what they call scientists and philosophers. Being too busy in

splitting the hair, they take no notice of the Glorious Head of the Beloved to which the hair belong. O! I cannot suppress a laughter. Happy is he, whose vision no clouds of names and forms could obstruct, who could always trace the attracting light to its true source, the Atman, and whose affections reached the goal (God)—not being lost in the way like streams dried up before reaching the sea. The pleasing relations must vanish. They are only postmen. Miss not the Lord's love-letter they have brought for you. The match stick must soon burn off, but blessed is he who has lighted his lamp permanently therewith. The steam and food supply must ere long be consumed, but fortunate is the boat which before the fatal loss reached the Home—the Harbour. He lives who could make of every object whatever a stepping stone to God, or rather a mirror to see God. The world with all its stars, mountains, rivers, kings and scientists, etc, was made for him. Verily it is so, I tell you the truth.

The fields and landscapes, wherein lies their refreshing charms as contrasted with the

sickening smoky streets of cities, by criticism or compliments, they excite not in man the sense of limitation and they drive him not into the corner (*bodyhood*). Man, in their presence, can well occupy the position of a Witness—Light. Inwardly, the vegetable kingdom has as much, and perhaps more, of strife and struggle, and unrest, etc., than the civilised societies; but even their struggles become interesting in so far as a man among cedars, oaks, and pines easily sees himself not one of them, but can keep himself the Witness-Light (साक्षी) unconcerned. He who can live in busy streets as any body might move in forests, feeling the Self as disinterested Witness-Light, not identifying himself with the body which in this case may be taken as a plant among plants, who could deny that the Universe is a Garden of Eden to him? Such people of God-life are the light of the world. The Light which appears as unconcerned witness is the very life of all that it witnesses.

The river of Life is flowing. None exists but God. Of whom shall I be afraid, of whom ashamed? All life is my God's life, nothing

other, He and Me too is He. The whole world is my own Himalayan woods. When light dawns, flowers begin to laugh, birds sing, and streams dance with joy ! O that Light of lights ! The sea of Light of lights is flowing ! The breeze of Bliss is blowing !

In this beautiful forest, I laugh and sing, clap hands and dance.

Did they jeer ? It was blowing of the breeze. Did they sneer ? It was hissing of the leaves. Shall I be overshadowed by my own life pulsating in the streams, cedars, birds, and breezes ?

I dance, I dance, I laugh and dance,
The stars I raise as dust in dance.

No jealousy, no fear,
I'm the dearest of the dear.

No sin, no sorrow,
No past, no morrow.

No rival, no foe,
No injury, no woe.

No, nothing could harm me,
No, nothing alarm me,

The soul of all
The nectar fall,

The sweetest self
Yea ! health itself,

The prattling streams.
The happiest dreams,
All myrrh and balm,
Rawan and Ram,
So pure and calm
Is Rama, is Rama.
The heavens and stars,
Worlds near and far.
Are hung and strung
On the tunes I sung.

No. V

THE TOP OF BASOON—(VASISHTHA ASHRAM).

The moon is shining, spreading a sea of silvery peace. The moonlight falls full on Rama's straw bed. The shadows of unusually tall, white rose bushes which grow fearlessly free and wild on this mountain, are checking the moon-lit bed and flickering so playfully as if they were nice little dreams of the placid moonlight that sleeps so tranquilly before Rama.

Sleep, my baby, sleep !
And smile with rosy dreams !

Jamnotri, Gangotri, Sumeroo, Kedar and Badri glaciers stand so close as if one could reach them by hand. In fact, a semicircle of

glaring diamond peaks like a jeweller's tiara decorates this Vasishta Ashram. Their white snowy summits are all taking a bath in the milky ocean of moonlight, and their deep *Soham* breathings in the form of cool breezes reach here continually.

The snows on this mountain have all melted off, and by this time the vast open field near the top is completely covered with blue, pink, yellow, and white hued flowers, some of them being very fragrant. People are afraid of coming here, as they believe this place to be the *Garden of Fairies*. This idea saves this pleasure-garden of the Devas from being haunted by the sacrilegious spoilers of nature's beauty. Rama walks over this flower-land very softly with great caution, lest any tender smiling little flower be injured by ungentle tread.

Cuckoos, doves and numerous other winged songsters entertain Rama in the morning, sometimes in the morning a huge dragon comes up near the roof of the cave and entertains Rama with his peculiar Persian wheel like music. The eagles (royal Garuras) soaring high

up, touching the dark clouds at noon,—are they not the *Garuras* bearing Vishnu on their back? One night a tiger sprang past Rama.

What a fair colony the blooming forest giants have round the yonder mountain pond! What bond unites them? It is no connection with each other, no personal relationships. They have a social organisation, as it were, only in so far as they send their roots to the self-same pond. The love of the same water keeps them together. Let us meet in devotion to the same Truth,—meet in Heaven, in heart, in Rama.

No. VI

JAGADEVI LAWN.

All the caves near the top of Basoon Mountain being engaged by the rains, Rama had to quit the Garden of Fairies at the top. He came down to a most lovely, lofty, level lawn where breezes keep playing all along. Jasmine, white and yellow, grows wild here together with various other sister flowers. Strawberries, crimson rose-berries are found in ripe plenty. On one side of the newly built hut a neat greensward extends far in gradually

ascending slope between two rushing streams. In front is a charming landscape, flowing waters, fresh-foliage-covered hills and undulating forests and fields. Clean, smooth slabs of stone on the lawn form the royal tables and seats for Rama. If shade be needed, spreading groves furnish cheerful accommodation.

No. VII

RAIN.

In three hours a hut was prepared by shepherds living in the forest. They made it rainproof to the best of their power. At night, severe rainstorm set in. Every three minutes lightning flashed, followed by rolling thunder at which each time the mountains shook and trembled. This *Indra vajra* kept up its continual strokes for over three hours. Water poured madly. The poor hut leaked, its resistance to the storm became so ineffective that an umbrella had to be kept open all the time under the roof to save the books from being drenched. The clothes became all wet. The ground being grass covered could not turn

muddy, yet it was drinking to its full the water drops drizzling continuously from the roof. Ram is enjoying very nearly the " fish " and the " tortoise " life. The experience of the aquatic life for the night brings joy of its own.

زعمر یک شب کم گیرو زینار مخسپ (مولوی معنوی)

Ze umar yak shab kam giro zinhar makhusp.

Translation—Count one night less from the full span of your life and sleep not at all.

Blessed is the storm to keep us up in the Lord's company.

शौह जागे, काहनूं सोवां (ग्रन्थ साहिब)

RIGVEDA (MANDAL VIII)

महे चन त्वद्रिवः परा शुल्काय देयाम् ।

न सहस्राय नायुताय वज्रिवो न शताय शतामव ॥

Translation—Not for any price could I, O Mountain-mover, give Thee up, not for a thousand, O Thunderer ! nor ten thousand, nor hundred times that, O Lord of countless bounty !

यच्छक्रासि परावति यदवावति वृत्रहन् ।

अतस्त्वा गोमिर्द्युगदिन्द्र केशिभिः सुतावाऽऽ अविवासति ॥

Rama's interpretation :—Whether, O *Shakra* (Almighty) thou be far (in roaring clouds, द्युलोक), or, O *Vritra-slayer* (i.e., doubt-destroyer), near at

hand (in blowing winds, अन्तरिक्ष); here, heaven penetrating *songs* (piercing prayers) are being sent as long-maned steeds for Thee (to ride on) and come sharp to one who has pressed out the juice (of his existence) for Thee. Come, sit in my heart, partake of the wine of my life (सोम, Soma).

Man is not meant to waste all his time in petty fears and cautions (चिन्ता, क्लृप्ता) of the kind:—"how shall I live and oh ! what shall become of me," and all such foolish nonsense. He ought to have at least as much self-respect as fishes and birds and even trees have. They grumble not at storm or sunshine but live as one with Nature. My Atman, I myself am the pouring rain. I flash. I thunder. How beautifully awful and strong I am. *Shivoham* songs gush forth from the heart.

आमेखलं संचरतां घनानां क्षायामधः सानुगतां निषेव्य ।

उद्वेजिता वृष्टिभिराश्रयन्ते शृंगाणि यस्यातपवन्ति सिद्धाः ॥

भागीरथी निर्झर शीकराणां वोढा मुहुः कम्पित देवदारुः ।

यद्वायुरन्विष्ट सृगैः किरातैः आसेव्यते भिन्न शिखण्डिवहैः ॥

No day or night passes without bringing a heavy shower of rain. And as described in the first shloka of Kalidas quoted above, Rama

is often caught by showers in his daily climbs up the hill. But there being no caves in the near neighbourhood he has to take the very clouds for his umbrella and to enjoy the showers as his.

Happy are the cedars and pines as described in the second shloka, which though quivering and shivering, offer on their bodies as target for the cool showers of the Ganges' spray.

O the good fortune to bare our bosom before raging coolness, stormy grace !

NO. VIII

A VISIT TO SAHASTARU TAL.

July, 1906.

सप्तर्षि हस्तावचितावशेषायधो विवस्वान् परिवर्तमानः ।

पद्मानि यस्याग्रसरोरुहाणि प्रबोधयत्यङ्ग मुखैर्मयूरवैः ॥

So far aloft, amid Himalayan steeps,
Couched on the tranquil pool the lotus sleeps
That the bright Seven who star the northern sky
Cull the fair blossoms from their seats on high ;
And when the sun pours forth his morning glow
In streams of glory from his path below,
They gain new beauty as his kisses break
His darling's slumber on the mountain lake.

To travel on almost heaven-high ridges for miles and miles, viewing the waving forests of

birch and juniper spreading far below, flowery precipices lying on the right as well as on the left hand side ; to walk bare-footed on extensive fields covered with soft velvety grass where loving dainty flowers cling to your feet getting entangled in the toes ; to enjoy the silvery sights of the rushing waterfalls on distant Kailas cliffs ; to watch clever little musk deer springing at lightning speed before you—well might the moon ride such a beautiful runner ; to be startled now and then by *Garuras* (royal eagles) fluttering their painted large wings now on this side, then on the other ; to stoop to pick every now and then Kailas lotuses (*Brahma Kamalas*) which in their lovely petals combine gold and fragrance ; to be amused at the coolies outdoing each other in digging *Masi*, *Lesar*, *Guggal*, the different kinds of incense which abound here in charming plenty ; and to sing hymns and chant OM, engaged our time. Far, far above the din and bustle of worldly life ; deep and vast blue lakes in their crystalline expanse, rippling under the pure and free Kailas air, surrounded by chaste, virgin snows hold a mirror up to the

very face of the blooming, blushing Sun. In such lofty solitude serenely does the Sun enjoy his charming glory. On such heights, no hamlet or hut could be expected; the nights were passed in caves where breezes sleep.

O ! The joy of leaving behind the prosaic plains of parching body-consciousness ! O ! The joy of mingling with the sun and breezes ! O ! The joy of roaming in the heavenly infinite forest deeps of *Ekamevadvitiyam* (One without a second) !

Honour-winners, knowledge-gainers, social reformers, dear labourers ! Well done ! God (Rama) blesses you ! Go on, sweet ones ! Go on ! Pursue with hope and zeal your respective duties. May your exertions be crowned with abundant success, may you reach safe and sound your particular destinations, may joy greet you at the due stations. But what of Rama ? Rama is on a different ticket. He cannot break journey and sojourn long at any between stop. Good bye ! Darlings ! O the Terminus ! The never-ending Terminus.

1

Creating the earths and heavens and birds and
beasts

Who enters these as life and soul ;
And from the husk of body and mind
Is thrashed out with devotion and *Jnana*
That Being clothed in forms and names !
That selfsame *Sat* art thou, the same, the same.

2

Diverting the thoughts from objects of sense,
Like horses whipped when going astray ;
Controlling the thoughts with Wisdom's reins,
The sages bring them home to OM ;
That Home or OM art thou, no doubt the same.

3

The manifold changes—waking, sleep,
Boyhood, manhood, health, disease,
Failure, success, gain or loss,—
Are flowers simply strung on thread ;
That changeless thread, the one in all,
Is Atman pure without a knot,
That Atman pure art thou, the same, the same,

4

That Being shining in the sun is no other than
myself ;
That Self in me is certainly the Being shining in
the sun ;

By such texts the Vedas preach
The Light of lights, the Self-Supreme !
That Self art thou ; yea ! same, the same

5

Anxieties, doubts and fears and fall
Temptations, dangers, weakness are
Dispelled and driven out like the dark
Of thousand years when Light appears
The Light to drive out sorrow, sin,
Is consciousness of Self within.
That Consciousness or Self art thou;
indeed the same, the same.

6

The same that works thy eyes and hands,
The same doth move what by thee stands.
The One within is all without,
That One does bring what comes about.
No foreign force, no foe, no other
Exists by thee whatever
Is, art thou; verily the same, the same.

When viewed from the stand-point of God-Self, the whole world becomes an effusion of Beauty, expression of Joy, outpouring of Bliss. When limitation of vision is overcome, there remains nothing ugly for us. When everything is my own Self, how could any thing be other than sweetness condensed. Self is Anand (Bliss), therefore, Self-realisation is equal to the realization of the whole world as Bliss-crystallised, or perception of the powers of

Nature as my own hand and feet, and feeling
the universe as my own sweet Self embodied.

O Joy ! Nothing separate !

“ No warder at the gate
Can keep the *jnani* in ;
But like the sun over all
He will the castle win
And shine along the wall.”
He waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone
And when they stay.

O Divinity ! who rules the Universe ? None
but God. Could anything take place against
God's laws ? Never. All is well. Let those
resort to plans and policies to whom the world
is real. *God is*, and nothing else exists but
God ! Glory ! Glory !

Perish this body and mind, if for a single
second the idea of defence lodges therein.
My bodies are millions, my Self is God and
needs no protection.

Outside rocks there are none to shatter.
I am the only rock, the rock of the Universe.

Flickering stars of the pupils of myopic vision ought not to be allowed to divert our attention in the least.

One person saw a dream, a nightmare
His neighbour's gan to scream ! Look there !
He weeps at no disaster,
I can't suppress a laughter.

If there ever was a person who loved from his heart of hearts all beings as his own very Self, it is Rama. My children may not understand Me, but I am still their own calm, serene, loving, blessing Self, Rama.

No. IX

A LETTER FROM THE HIMALAYAN JUNGLES.

DARJEELINR. *June, 1905.*

Day passes into night, and night again turns into day, and here is your Rama having no time to do anything, busy, very busy in doing nothing. Tears keep pouring, vieing well with the continuous rains of this the most rainy district ; the hairs stand on ends, the eyes wide open seeing nothing of the things before them. Talk stopped, work stopped unfortunately (?) No, most fortunately. Oh, leave me alone.

This continuous wave after wave of
inarticulate ecstasy, O Love! Let it go on.
O! The most delicious pain.

Away with writing,
Off with lecturing.
Out with fame and name.
Honours! Nonsense.
Disgrace! meaningless.
Are these toys the end of life?
Logic and Science, poor Bunglers!
Let them see Me and have cured their blindness.
In dreams a sacred current flows,
In wakefulness, it grows and grows.
At times, it overflows the banks
Of senses and the mortal frame.
It spreads in all the world and flows,
It inundates in wild repose.
For this the sun, he daily rose,
For this the universe did roll,
All births and deaths for this.
Here comes rolling, surging wonder, undulating
Bliss,
Here comes rolling laughter, silence.

WHAT IS PRACTICAL VEDANTA?

Pushing, marching Labour and no stagnant
Indolence;
Enjoyment of work as against tedious drudgery;
Peace of mind and no canker of Suspicion;

Organization and no disaggregation ;
 Appropriate reform and no conservatistic custom ;
 Solid real feeling as against flowery talk ;
 The poetry of facts as against Speculative fiction ;
 The logic of events as against the authority of
 departed authors ;
 Living realization and no mere dead quotations ;

CONSTITUTE PRACTICAL VEDANTA.

Meditation and concentration on the *Maha vakya* (great saying) *Aham brahmasmi* (I am *That*), and no diffusion and confusion on personalities and parties, naturally translates itself into force, freedom and love. This Infinite Godhead vibrating in every hair on the body, this muscular *advaita*—non-dualism, this dynamical *devotion*, this flaming light is what the Shastras call the unerring *Brahma-shar*.

O ye wavering, fickle dubious minds, no more of lukewarm orthodoxy and heterodoxy ! Scorch out all doubt and hesitations, all *doxies* are your creation. The Sun might be shown to be a disc of quicksilver, the Earth might be proved to be a concave sphere, the Vedas might be demonstrated as not inspired, but ye can be nothing, nothing but God. A single

note issuing *from your Godhead* must be taken up by the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the particles of dust, the whiffs of wind, the drops of rain, by birds, beasts, gods and men. It must be thundered over caves and forests, pealed over hamlets and huts, it must reverberate over streets and towns, pass from cities to cities, and fill and thrill the whole world! O Freedom! Liberty!

Fill the mountain-fountains of a river with immense treasures of golden glaciers, and all its branches, streams, canals must flow full, feeding the fields to flourish free. Let the Source of life, the Origin of love and Spring of delight and light, the infinite Power and Purity, Divinity, embrace and displace the little self, saturate the feelings, fill the mind, and necessarily must be hands, feet, eyes, nay every fibre of the frame, even the environments *must* work a heaven of harmony and irradiate a flood of energy.

The King's very presence on his royal throne establishes order throughout the *darbar*, so doth a man's resting on his Godhead (native glory, स्वराज्य) establish order and life through the whole race.

O ye of little faith ! wake up ! wake up to
your holy majesty ! and a single glance from
your royal indifference, a side-wind from your
divine recklessness is enough to convert the
direst hells into charming heavens.

Come Home, Come Home,
O wanderer, Home ! Om ! Om !

Blow O breezes, mingle O winds, with these
words whose purpose is the same as yours.

O laughter ! laughter !

Inextinguishable joy and laughter !

"After long ages resuming the broken thread coming back
after a long but necessary parenthesis—

To the call of the peacock in the woods,

Up with the bracken uncurling from the midst of dead
fronds of past selves.

Seeing the sun rise new upon the world as lovers see it
after their first night,

All changed and glorified the least thing trembling with
beauty, all old sights become new, everything vivified and
bathed in divinity."

"Now, having learned the lesson which it was necessary to
learn of the intellect and of civilization, having duly
taken in and assimilated and again duly excreted its
results, once more to the great road with the animals
and the trees and the stars, travelling to return.

To other nights and days undreamt of in the vocabularies
of all dictionaries."

O kisses of the sun and winds !
 O joy of the liberated Soul (finished purpose and
 acquittal of conventionality),
 Daring all things, light steps, life held in the
 palm of the hand !
 At length the Wanderer returns Home,
 All those things which have vainly tried to detain
 him.
 When he comes who looks neither to the right
 nor to the left for any of them.
 Not being deluded by them but rather threatening
 to pass by and leave them all in their places
 just as they are,
 Then rise up and follow him,
 Through thorns and briars before—in his path,
 they now become fruits and flowers.
 Not till he has put them from him does he learn
 the love and faithfulness that is in them.
 Faithful for ever, more are they his Servants !
 And this world is paradise !!!

 No. X

(Copy of a letter sent to Rai Sahib Baij Noth.)

वासिष्ठाश्रम ।

27th March, 1906.

MOST BLESSED DIVINITY,

Peace like a river is flowing to me.
 Peace as the breezes is blowing to me,
 Peace like the Ganges flows—

It flows from all my hair and toes.
 Let surging waves of oceans of peace
 Leave all the hearts and heads and feet !
 Om Joy ! Om Bliss ! Om Peace !

This Ashram आश्रम is above the snowline. A beautiful stream, called Vasishtha ganga (वासिष्ठ-गंगा) flows just below Rama's cave. There are five or six waterfalls in the stream. Natural basins are carved out of the hard rocks in the river valley by Shiva's (शिव's) own hand forming about twenty lovely little tanks. The hills are covered with those true light-loving hardy giants of the forest whose green does not fade even when more than six feet of snow accumulates about them. They are certainly worthy of the great Banamali's (बनमाली) kindness and love.

असुं पुरः पश्यसि देवदारुं पुत्री कृतोऽसौ वृषभध्वजेन ।

These oak-hearted, green-shouldered children of Mahadev (महादेव) are the only companions of Rama. Even Naryana swami was sent away to the plains not to visit Rama again before *at least* two years. A young man comes every day, cooks food, and leaves to spend the night in some adjoining village—

the nearest village being over three miles distant.

Half-a-mile walk up the hill takes Rama to the top of this mountain (Basun) where the sacred glaciers of Kedar, Badri, Sumeru, Gangotri, and Kailas are within sight.

The spot is described at length in the Kedar khand (केदार खण्ड). Such was the place selected for Ashrampada (आश्रमपद) by the author of Yoga Vasishtha (योग-वासिष्ठ). Happily, no town or road is near here yet. Ask not about the ecstasy of Rama. The overflowing rapturous peace will be revealed by Rama's chief work which will go down to the plains for publication some years hence. Let none visit Rama till then, please.God is the only reality.

دیکھا نہ شب جو یار کو نور ضیا سے کار کیا
 مردہ کی قبر تار کو آب و گیا سے کار کیا
 چاہے کوئی بھلا کہے—خواہ پڑا برا کہے
 پلا چھتا جو جسم سے بیم و رجاسے کار کیا
 نیکی بدی خوشی غمی—زینہ تھیں بام یار کا
 زینہ جلادہ—اب یہاں پائیں بیا سے کار کیا
 احق کور ہی کو ہے اُلفت ما سوائے حق
 کعبہ دل میں یہ زنا! بوئے وفا سے کار کیا

اتنا لحاظ کر لیا دنیا تیرا پورے بھی ہت
 فاجوں ہوں سا نہ رام کے-شوم و حیا سے کار کیا
 اڑدھا زادی ہے-(مار آستین)-چشم دو بیس
 غیر حق کو جب نظر آوے جہاں ہوسار توں
 خاک جہوئی زندگی پو قبر کا کیرا نہ بن
 گور تن وہم خودی پر دے جلا پھر مار توں
 مال و دولت کیرو دار و رخت و بخت و نقد و جنس
 عزت و ماو منی کا کار کر دے پار توں

देखा न सब जो यार को नूरे-इया से कार क्या ।
 मुरदह की कबरे-तार को आबो-ग्याह से कार क्या ॥ १ ॥
 चाहे कोई भला कहे-इयाह पड़ा बुरा कहे ।
 पल्ला छुटा जो जिस्म से बीमो-रजा से कार क्या ॥ २ ॥
 नेकी, बदो, खुशी गमी ज़ीनह थीं बामे-यार का ।
 ज़ीनह जला दो, अब यहाँ पाई-बिया से कार क्या ॥ ३ ॥
 अहक़े-कोर ही को है उलफ़त मासिवाये-हक़ ।
 काब-ए-दिल में यह ज़ना वू-वफ़ा से कार क्या ॥ ४ ॥
 इतना लिहाज़ कर लिया दुनिया तिरा परे भि हट ।
 नाँचूँँ साथ राम के शर्मो-हया से कार क्या ॥ ५ ॥

अयदहा ज़ादी है (मारे-आस्तीं) चश्मे-दो बीं ।
 गैरे-हक़ को जब नज़र आवे, जहाँ हो, मार तोफ़ ॥
 झाक सूठी ज़िन्दगी पर कबर का कीड़ा न बन ।
 गोरे-त्तन, वहमे-खुदी परदे जला, फिर मार तोफ़ ॥
 मालो-दौलत-गोरो-दारो-रखतो-बखतो, नकदो-जिन्स ।
 इज्जतो-माओ-मनी का कार करदे पार तोफ़ ॥

Your प्रयागकुम्भ lecture was just masterly. One copy was presented by Rama to the Maharaja of Tehri. Dear, listen, Vedanta is no cant, and this world is nought. He perishes who feels it to be real. God is the only reality Yes, yes, yes, yes, ॐ

Rama.

XI

Copy of a letter sent to Rai Bahadur Baij Nath,
वासिष्ठाश्रम ।

End of June, 1906.

(The same as that of No. VI, VII and part of VIII printed on pages 31 to 40 of this very volume with an addition of the following :—)

ابر میخوآهند مستان خانہ گرہ ویران شود
چار طرف سے ابر کی واہ اوتھی تھی کیا گھٹا
بجلی کی جگہ گاہتین راعد رہا تھا۔ گڑ گڑا
برسے تھا مینہ بھی جھوم جھوم چھاجوں اُمند اُمند پڑا
جھوٹے ہوا کے لے چلے ہوش بدن کو وہ آزا
ہر رگ جان مین نور تھا نغمہ تھا زور شور کا
ابر بروں سے تھا سوا دل مین سروو پرستا
آب حیات کی جھڑی زور جو روز و شب پڑی
فکر و خیال بہ گئے۔ توٹی۔ دوٹی کی جھو پڑی

جنگل سب اپنے تئیں ہریالی سیج رہے ہیں
گل پھول جہاز بوتے کر اپنی دھیم رہے ہیں
بجلی چمک رہی ہے۔ بادل گرج رہے ہیں
اللہ کے نقارے نوبت کے بیج رہے ہیں

چار طرف سے آبر کو واہ ! اٹھی تھی کیا غصا !
بیجلی کی جگمگاہٹ، راد رہا تھا گڑگڑا ॥
برسے تھا مہم بھی بھم-بھم لہجوں اُسمد-اُسمد پڑا ॥
آکے ہوا کے لے چلے ہوشے-بدن کو وہ اُڑا ॥
ہر رگوں-جاں میں نور تھا، نغمہ تھا جہاں شور کا ॥
آبر-بروں سے تھا سیوا دین میں سحر برساتا ॥
آبہ-ہیات کی بھڑی جہاں جو ریزہ-شعب پڑی ۱
فیکرو-کھال بھ گئے، دھڑی دھڑی کی بھونک ۱

جنگل سب اپنے تئیں ہریالی سج رہے ہیں ۱
گل پھول بھڑ بھڑ کر اپنی دھیم رہے ہیں ۱
بیجلی چمک رہی ہے، بادل گرج رہے ہیں ۱
آکھ کے نکارے نوبت کے بیج رہے ہیں ۱

طرز پنجابی سی حافی
کیسے رنگ لاگے - خوب بھاگ جاگے
ہری گئی سب بھوک اور ننگ میری
چوڑے سانچے سروپ کے چڑھے ہسکو
توت پڑی جب کانچ کی ونگ میری
تارون سنگ آکاش میں چمکتی ہے
بی تورا ب اُری پتنگ میری

جہڑی نور کی برسنے لگی زورون
چند سور ہین ایک ترنگ میری

कैसे रंग लागे ! खूब भाग जागे ।
हरी गई सब भूख और नंग मेरो ॥
चूड़े साँच स्वरूप के चूड़े हम को ।
दूट पड़ी जब काँच की वज्र मेरी ॥
तारों संग आकाश में चमकती है ।
बिन डोर अब उड़ी पतङ्ग मेरी ॥
झड़ी नूर की बरसने लगी ज़ोरों ।
चन्द सूर हैं एक तरंग मेरी ॥

The Spiritual Law about privations and success, how beautifully the Veda enunciates it:—ब्रह्म तं परादाचोऽन्यत्रात्मनो ब्रह्मवेद

Let any body in his heart of heart *believe in anything whatsoever as real*—i. e. fit object of trust—and inevitably he must be forsaken or betrayed by that object. This is a law more stern than the Law of Gravitation. The only Reality, Atman (आत्मन्) brings home to us the delusion of seeing anything else as real.

No warder at the gate
Can keep the *Jnani* in ;
But like the Sun o'er all
He will the castle win,

And shine along the wall.
He waits, as waits the sky,
 Until the clouds go by,
 Yet shines serenely on
 With an eternal day,
 Alike when they are gone,
 And when they stay,

So long as *any sort of desire* clings to a
 person, he cannot realize शिवोऽहम् bliss. But.

यदा सर्वे प्रमुच्यन्ते कामाद्येऽस्य हृदि श्रिताः ।

अथ मत्सोऽमृतो भवत्यत्र ब्रह्म समश्नुते ॥

श्रुतिः ।

(B) LETTERS.

No. 1

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA,
Kishangarh.

Tehri,
1902.

NARAYANA,

Doctors say unless we feel appetite from within we should take no food, however delicious and whole-some it may be and however much our dear friends and relatives might coax us to eat it. All that you have written is quite true. If I start at once, there is a very good opportunity of enjoying the company of both yourself and the worthy Prime Minister of Kishangarh State, and of being benefitted by your wise counsels. But my inner voice bids me to wait, with the foreboding that even better opportunities shall present themselves when I am fully equipped. Nothing daunted by my former failures—if failures they can be called—I have every hope that abundant success shall attend my future career. What I am doing here is exactly what must have

been the result of your thought of friendly consultation at Kishangarh. We should, no doubt, be always on the alert to avail ourselves of favourable opportunities. But we should not be impatient either. Work is all that is wanted. In order that I may be able to inspire working power or energy into our countrymen, I must start with a vast store of accumulated energy myself. Let the time come, you shall most certainly be with me.

If I have not to go about making fuss about trifles but have to render some real and lasting service to the Motherland, and if I have to prove truly useful to our country, I feel I require a little more preparation in order to make myself equal to the stupendous task.

I am here making a thorough study of the Shastras and of the highest Western thought and am at the same time pursuing my own independent researches. I have not to spend my lifetime over this work. I shall soon be imparting to or rather carrying into the business and bosom of humanity what I have been acquiring at the cost of incessant labour. I

have full conviction that I could if I would long since have caused a tremendous stir in the country but I have a conscience and for no personal glory, no gain, no threats, no imminent danger, not for fear of death even shall I preach what I have not *realised* to be the Truth.

If Truth has any power—as certainly it is Infinite Power—the Rajas as well as the Sadhoos, the nobility and the populace will all ultimately have to bow before and yield homage to the standard of Righteousness to be set up by Rama Tirtha Swami. I have an aptitude for this work, and it will be throwing away of my powers if through haste or impatience I harness myself for a lesser work.

I have to preach, else why did I fondly cherish that desire from my very childhood. I have to preach, else what for did I renounce my parents, wife, children, worldly position and the bright prospects. Filled with the divine fire I have to preach—boldly, fearlessly, even in the face of all sorts of persecution and opposition—what I am realising here.

Thankfully I accept your advice of keeping the money for my future use.

Regular exercise taken. Health Good. Climate most excellent.

Wishing you and the Baboo Sahib

Shanti ! Shanti !! Shanti !!!

Rama Tirtha Swami.

ॐ

(2)

TO BRIJ LAL* GOSWAMI,

Qanungo,

Jammoo State.

Tehri, 1902.

DEARIE,

Glad to know you are employed: Be always honest and upright. Discharge your duties most faithfully. Devote some portion of your time to the study of Bhagvad Gita and Yog Vasishtha every day. Never neglect OM, ॐ.

By your conduct prove yourself worthy of the high family you belong to. Never yield to temptations.

हर सुख राय को ॐ आनन्द ।

खाह क्या ही क्यों न हो दयानतदारी और सच्चाई को मत छोड़ना ।

*Swami Rama's nephew,

۞

(3)

TO PANDIT RAM DHAN SAHIB

Asstt. Settlement officer,

Bhimbar, Jammoo State,

Kaudia, 1902.

DEAREST RAMA,

Ram Badshah lives in these days on the summit of a high mountain commanding a most picturesque view of the glaciers of Jumnotri, Gangotri, Kedar and Badri. Gangi lying at a distance of seven or eight miles is visible from this place. Two days' journey from the Railway Station Dehra Doon on the road to Tehri, brings one to these exquisitely delightful landscapes.

DEAREST,

Give all to love عشق (عشق) ;

Obeys thy heart;

Friends, kindred, days,

Estate, good-fame,

Plans, credit, and the Muse,—

Nothing refuse,

Give all to love.

Rai Baij Nath is coming again here in the middle of April.

Address :—RAM BADSHAH,
The Darbar, Kaudiya hill,
P. O. Tehri Garhwal.

April 9th 1902.

صباہ لطف بگو آن غزال رعنا را
کہ سربہ کوہوبیا یان تو دادہ مارا

20 LETTER TO MRS. WELLMAN.
(SURYANAND)

The following is a letter of Mrs. Wellman, (Suryanand) to Mr. Puran with extracts of 20 letters sent to her by Swami Rama from America and India.



OM ! OM ! OM !

January, 1907.

SHANTI ASHRAM—EDENDALE,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

DEAR AND MOST BLESSED PURAN,

O, the thrill of joy your letter brought me, it *seemed*, or was it true that the holy consciousness of our Rama pervaded the letter and my soul. Surely it is *still* true, as one of his letters said to me "Mother, Rama is always with you," and to spirit there is no limitation, so do I believe, yea, am certain Rama is with Puran. How holy and peaceful has been this day, forerunner of that great Consciousness in your dear letter with this as you request ! I will send some extracts of Rama's letters to

me, also a few reminiscences of his sayings and doings. Always with loving *impersonal* attention to the least of us, this great illumined soul with this meekness of a child led our hearts and minds upward to meet our God, our own Divine Atma. O, the sweetness, the gentleness of that great Consciousness manifesting through the modern Rishi Rama! God was with us, and some of us knew it not, and still God is with us, and as the blessed Rama often said, "There is no death," he is not far from those who have eyes to see or ears to hear. It was just beginning the year 1903 when I first met this great soul. He was lecturing in San Francisco. I went to hear him *reluctantly*. But with his chant of OM my mind was lifted, my very being vibrated with a joy I never felt before. A heavenly, blissful peace illumined me.

And I never missed another opportunity to feed upon the bread of Life he so freely gave. He also made an appeal to Americans to help his people by going to India and living as *one* of them in their very families. Quite a number said they would go. But not one of

them went. One day I said to him, "Swami Rama, for what you have done for me, what can I do for your people in exchange?" He said, "You can do a great deal if you will, but go to India." "I will go," I replied. But friends dissuaded and even derided me. Some said I was crazy to think of going, especially as I had not sufficient money to return. But Rama said, "If you *really* know Vedanta, you would not fear, for you will find God in India the same as in America." So did God the Divine Intelligent Principle of life *prove* his all sustaining power, through the tender, loving care of my beloved Hindu brothers and sisters, yea, my children. Yet five months elapsed before I fulfilled my promise to our blessed Rama and set sail for his native country. Alone! not knowing a person in that far off country, yet with "Faith leaning on the sustaining arm of the Infinite" as taught by Rama. I saw him last at Shasta Springs, California. I had but a few hours there before my train left for San Francisco. Never can I forget the day in those hills with snowy Mount Shasta towering above our heads.

Similarly, two years and a half later I travelled several days' journey through the Himalayas to Vias Muni to bid this saint good-bye, as I was about to return to America. It is impossible to pen or relate that soul-stirring adieu. And the *last*, this great soul laid off the body a few months later.

Before setting sail for India, I received several letters from the blessed Rama who remained in Castle springs as well as in Shasta (california) for some time. He writes:—

(1)

CASTLE SPRINGS,
CALIFORNIA (U.S.A.)

June 11, 1903.

MY DEAREST BELOVED SELF,

Need there be anything written or said. Rama knows everything, that is, you know everything, but in spite of that Rama will tell you of some things that transpired here lately, bringing great happiness to Rama. Everything brings pleasure to Rama.

On May 19, while Rama was stretched on a boulder by the river side, there was brought to

Rama by the Manager of Dr. Hiller's place here a very lovely hammock, sent unexpectedly by a friend from Seattle. It was immediately suspended between a green oak and a red fir tree, high up in the air. With bubbling joy and overflowing laughter Rama rolled himself up into the hanging bed. The fragrant, gentle breezes began to rock Rama to and fro, the river went on with its OM melody. Rama laughed and laughed and laughed. Did you hear him? A chirping robin was watching overhead when Rama was swaying back and forth. Perhaps he was envious of Rama. Was he? No, that cannot be, every robin, sparrow, or nightingale knows Rama to be its own. At any rate when Rama left the hammock for a while to let out the uncontrolled inner pleasure in frisking about and dancing, the pretty robin stole the sweet opportunity to try a swing in the hammock. Say, are not Rama's little birdies and flowers frolicsome, merry and free?

May 20, noon. The President of the United States, on his way to the North, stopped at the Springs a while. The representative

lady of Springs Company presented him with a basket full of lovely flowers, and immediately after that he accepted from Rama most gracefully, lovingly and cheerfully, the Appeal on behalf of India. He kept the book in his right hand all the time, and while responding with his right hand to the salutations of the crowds, the book naturally and spontaneously rose up to his forehead at least a hundred times. When the train started he was seen reading it attentively in his carriage, and once more he waved thanks to Rama from the leaving train.

But lo ! Rama never invited the President to the luxury of enjoying a swing in the poetic hammock. Could you guess, why not ? Do guess, please. Well, as you don't speak, Rama will tell you. The reason is plain enough. The President of the so-called free Americans is not a thousandth part as free as Rama's birdies and air.

Never mind the President. You can be free, even as free as Rama, and have air and light as your faithful servants. Be Rama and Rama will give you all—suns, stars, air, ocean, clouds forests, mountains, and what not. Everything will

belong to you. Is not that a lovely bargain ?
Is n't it, dear ? Do have everything, please.

At four in the morning, waked by the
kisses of Aurora and tickled to laughter by free
zephyrs, welcomed by the sweet songs of
carolling birds, Rama goes out walking on the
tops of mountains and the river side.

Come, let us laugh together, laugh, laugh,
laugh. Come Sun, my child, look into the
fearless smiling eyes of Rama and live close to
nature and Rama. The ecstasy itself is I.

Your Self,
RAMA.

(2)

OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, (CALIF.),

July 9, 1903.

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter to hand. It is Truth and Truth
alone that is one's real friend, relative, nay,
Self.

Abide by truth, tread the path of
righteousness and not an hair of your body will
ever be injured.

Read Yog Vasishtha and Bhagvad Gita
over and over again.

Yours in Self,
RAMA So AM I.

(3)

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

October 8, 1908.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER,

. . . . Rama thoroughly appreciates every moment of yours. Rama is not selfish enough to misunderstand, nor is there any likelihood of ever forgetting one who has become Rama in her love for India, Truth, and suffering Humanity. Surya means the Sun (He gave me the name of *Suryananda*) and so does Rama. "Resist not evil" does not mean become a passive nonentity; no, not at all. The saying has no reference to the acts of the body. It is a commandment touching the mind, and mind alone, inculcating *Peace of mind*. Mental *resistance*, *opposition* and *revolt* always bring about discord, irritation and worry; instead of "curling up", and consequently unbalancing yourself overcome the seeming

evil by Love (Sacrifice, or giving nature) than which there is no higher force.

"Resist not evil," and welcome events with the good cheer of a giver. Great souls never lose their balance. By preserving our calm we can always turn the stumbling blocks into stepping stones. Never, never should you let the feeling of helplessness cross your mind.

Just now the thought comes to Rama that on reaching India you should at your earliest convenience enquire about the whereabouts of Puran who must be somewhere in the Punjab. He is the Editor of the *Thundering Dawn*. No introductory letters are necessary for him.

Hoping you will immediately write to Rama after securing a birth.

Your own pure, heroic Self as

RAMA SWAMI.

This letter was written to me when I was undergoing a great mental strain in regard to my contemplated journey to India, such opposition was raised against my going.

Suryanand.

(4)

OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

October 10, 1903.

MOTHER DEAR,

Your dear letter with paper and envelopes to hand. (I sent him a box of paper and envelopes). You will be accorded a hearty welcome when you step on that sympathetic soil (India). Rama has already written to India. In case you go there, you will find your name outspeeding you. You are welcome wherever you want to break journey. (In answer to a question he says,) "When we give ourselves up to *levity, frivolity and jollity*, by an invisible Law of Nature we suffer from the reaction which depresses us low down. The wise man keeps his heart always *at home* and interested only in the One Supreme Reality.

As to the things of the world, he attends to them in the disinterested, dispassionate, indifferent, and self-possessed mood of a munificent princely *giver*.

This noble attitude is kept up in all *active*

work. And in reference to *passive* experiences the free soul undergoes them all unaffected, unmoved, and in good cheer, *vividly* remembering all the time his *native glory*. "I am alone, the One without a second. The Sun is my semblance." Constant meditation on your own real Surya (sun) character and applying it to every-day affairs of life makes your the phenomenal self, the highest manifestation of Love, Light, and Life. You will write to Rama before setting sail or embarkation. You should also write when you reach Japan and Hongkong. Rama will be ever so glad to do anything for you in India.

Your noble, lovely Self as
RAMA.

(5)

OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,

October 16, 1903.

MOST BLESSED NOBLE SURYANANDA,

Both your letters came to Rama's hands simultaneously this noon. All is well and

satisfactory. As you are going on a long trip, it might prove beneficial for you to add a little more to your knowledge of human nature, and indelibly impress on your mind the importance of keeping ourselves *perfectly* collected, serene, and *at home* all the time. (There was a delay of a certain matter which gave me much uneasiness). The apparent delays and oppositions are all meant to add to your inner power and purity. Naturalists have decisively shown that no evolution or progress could ever take place had it not been for struggles and opposition.

Do you remember the story of Robert Bruce and the Spider? "Is not every grand discovery preceded by hundreds, nay thousands of unsuccessful attempts?" Early in the morning you would do well to spend about half an hour in repeating to yourself this Mantram (pardon omission of Mantram). Be strongly instilling into your very nature the truth involved in this Mantram while repeating it. This kind of continual auto-suggestion will make a thorough Sannyasin (Swami) of you. You will please soon write as to what arrangements are made

about your passage. With deepest love and sincerest regard,

Your own Self,
RAMA SWAMI.

(6)



SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,

October 21, 1903.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SURYANANDA,

Yours of yesterday just to hand.

O! What a happy news, sailing for India! At Hongkong, if you call on Wassiamal Assomal (near the Clock Tower), you might delight the Hindu merchants by telling them about the happy state of Rama (Tirtha) Swami and your own noble mission.

The people to whom letters have already been given will furnish you satisfactorily with the information about all local matters. You need only start, everything else will run smooth enough afterwards. Bear one thing in mind. When you happen to visit the people of any sect, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, you attend to, mark, or remember their criticisms of other

parties. If you find any spirit of devotion, divine love, charity, or spiritual knowledge *anywhere*, take it up, absorb it, assimilate it, and have no time to pick up any body's jealousy. Don't notice their drawbacks and weaknesses.

Forget not to see Seth Sita Ram in Calcutta. You might also pay a visit whilst in Calcutta to the learned Editor of *The Dawn*, an unassuming, pure, self-denying, devoted, orthodox Vedantin. He also successfully carries on an educational and boarding Institution. In Calcutta you could also enjoy the Sankirtan, devotional dance.

Mother India will receive you as always a loving mother does a returning child estranged for years and years. Adieu for the present. Rama is always with you.

Passage to India !

O ! we can wait no longer !

We too take ship, O soul !

To you, we too launch out on trackless seas !

Fearless for unknown shores. On waves of ecstasy

To sail. Amid the wafting winds

Carolling free,—singing our song of God !

Chanting our chant of happy soothing OM !

Passage to India !

Sailing these seas, or on the hills, or waking in
the night,

Thoughts, silent thoughts of Time and Space and

Death like waters flowing,

Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite

Whose air I breathe, whose ripple.....

Bathe me, O God in Thee, mounting to Thee,

I and my soul to range, in range of Thee,

Passage to Mother India !

Reckoning ahead, O' soul, when Thou the
time achieved.

The seas all crossed, weathered the copes, the
voyage done,

Surrendered, copest, frontest, God.

Yieldest, the aim attained.

As filled with friendship, Love complete,

The Elder Brother found,

The younger melts in fondness in his arms.

Passage to India !

Are thy wings plumed indeed for such far flight ?

O' soul, voyagest thou indeed on voyages like these ?

Soundest below the Sanskrit and the Vedas ?

Then have thy bent unabashed.

Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce
enigmas.

Passage to you, to mastership of you, you
Strangling problems,

Passage to mother India,

O Secret of earth and sky!

Of you, O waters of the sea !

O winding creeks and Ganges !

Of you, O woods and fields!

Of you, O mighty Himalayas,

Of morning red ! O clouds ! O rain and snows,

O day and night, passage to you!

O sun and moon, and all ye stars,

Sirius and Jupiter, passage to you !

Passage, immediate passage !

The blood burns in my veins!

Away, O soul, hoist instantly the anchor,

Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail.

Have we not stood here like trees in the ground
long enough?

Sail forth, steer for the deep waters only,

For we are bound where mariner has not yet
dared to go,

And we will risk the ship ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!

O father, father, sail.

O daring joy but safe,

O father, father, sail

To your real Home.

RAMA.

(7)

ॐ

ॐ

ॐ

OM

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

February 15, 1904.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

Your numerous letters, the telegram, and all came duly to Rama's hands. When there is but one Reality, who should thank whom? Rama is filled with joy, Rama is all joy. All the time Rama is all peace. Work flows from Rama. Rama doeth no work. Be thou the fragrant rose, and sweet aroma will waft of itself all around from thee, me! me.

Do you feel yourself a Hindu with your whole heart? Do you realise their errors and superstitions as your own? Could you trust them as your own brothers and sisters! Did you ever forget your American birth and find yourself transfigured into a Hindu born, as Rama often sees himself a deep dyed bigoted Christian? If so, wonderful work will emanate from you spontaneously!

Who are you? Who are you who go about to save the *lost*? Are you saved yourself?

Do you know that "whosoever would save his life, must lose it?" Are you then one of the lost? Could you or would you be one of the lost? Arise then and be a saviour. Be a sinner—Realize your *oneness* with him, and you can save him. There is no other way but this one way of love, to conquer all.

OM ! OM !

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA.

(8)

OM !

MINNEAPOLIS, M. N., U. S. A.

April 3, 1904.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

Where are you? No letter was received from dear, noble mother after the happy New Year letter, written at Muttra. Peace, Peace, Peace comes from within. The kingdom of heaven is *within* alone. In books, temples, shrines, prophets, and saints—in vain, in vain the search after happiness. Your experience must have shown it by this time. If the lesson is once learnt, it is not dearly bought, no matter

how much it costs. Sit alone, convert your very anguish into Divine Bliss, you may receive inspiring suggestions from books like *The Thundering Dawn*. Meditate on OM ! and be a *giver* of peace to mankind and not an expectant *seeker*. Dear one, do you remember the last talk Rama gave you on the side of the Creek at Shasta Springs ? It was—given not as a *seeker*, but as the perpetual *giver* of Light and Love. Our hearts break when we are in the *seeking* attitude. You must have verified the state of affairs in India as described in Rama's Appeal to Americans. Read that lecture once more, if you please. Don't expect any *immediate*, ostensible results from your labour of love. "Be contented to serve," says the spirit of Christ. We cannot receive any gift, benediction or reward higher than the privilege of serving. If you have not met Babu Ganga Prasad Varma, Editor of the *Advocate*, Lucknow, do please see him. Does your heart take more delight in sharing the sufferings of poor Hindus in India or enjoying the comforts of life in America ? (So much so) I want to be again in India.

OM! ॐ OM!

Rama was one month in Portland, Oregon, one month in Denver, two weeks in Chicago, and a couple of weeks in Minneapolis. Vedanta-societies are organized at these places. Free scholarships for poor Hindu students are secured at different Universities. From here Rama goes to Buffalo, N. Y. Thence to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington D.C. On June 29, 30 and 31, Rama is to be at the meetings of the World's Unity League, St. Louis. In July Rama is to be at Lake Geneva. In next fall Rama comes to London, England. Be not discouraged, mother dear. Look only at the sunny side of things. There is no rose without a thorn, unmixed good is not to be found in this world. The All Good is only the Self Supreme. If India had Vedanta (Truth) in *practice*, what necessity would there have been for Appeal to America? When your heart is perfectly attuned to the Beauty of *All*, you will find every thing glorious everywhere.

Peace ! Peace !! Peace !!!

Central Bliss, Inner Joy for ever and for ever.

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA.

(9)

OM!

WILLIAM'S BAY, WIS, OR LAKE GENEVA,

July 8, 1904.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SELF,

Your letters reached Rama. Thank you. Rama understands the situation through and through. Peace, joy and success shall ever abide with thee. There is no fear, nor danger, nor difficulty of any kind for a pure soul having cast aside the sense of possession and desire. I stretch myself in the Universe, and rest free! free! The viper in the breast is the little "I". Fling it aside, and all the world pays you homage. On Rama's return from Minneapolis, a long, type-written letter was mailed to your noble self for publication in the *Practical Wisdom*. The subject of the letter was Practical Wisdom. The first meeting of the world's Unity League at St. Louis was

opened under Rama's presidency. In addition to Rama's lectures at the Unity League, talks were also given under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and the Church of Practical Christianity at St. Louis, besides some other places. Rama goes to Chicago in a few days, thence to Buffalo, Lily Dale, and Greenacre Maine, and leaves America in September or before.

Peace, Blessings, and love to all.

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA,

(10)

OM!

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

October 1, 1904.

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

Rama has not written anything to you for some time. It is because—

(1) Rama has been ever so busy.

(2) Wrote no letter to any person in India except the few letters for the Press.

(3) Knowing that you were in good hands Rama did not think letters from him needful.

(4) Since leaving Minneapolis Rama received no letters from you.

Peace, Blessings, Love and Joy abide with you for ever and ever.

In following your own inner voice truly, you can be false to no one. We owe nobody anything. Let our labour be the labour of love. To be ever sound and solvent should be our maxim.

Let everybody have his or her experience free. The only right we have is to serve and help our fellowmen in *their onward* march. But let the march be really *onward* and not a make-believe progress. When I help my friends in their spiritual retrogression, I fall myself with them. Whatever you do, wherever you are, Rama's blessings and love are with you. Day after to-morrow Rama starts for New York and on 8th October most probably embarks on board *Princess Irene* for Gibraltar. It will probably be some time before reaching India because there is likelihood of stopping at many places on the way.

Motto to remember and to practise :—

If you know any thing unworthy of a friend, *forget it*.

If you know any thing pleasant about the person, *tell it*.

He sits high in all the people's hearts and that *which would appear offence in us*.

His countenance, like richest alchemy will change to virtue and to worthiness. The sun-like attitude of a fearless, continuous *Giver, serving without hope of reward*, shedding light and life out of free love, living in Divine radiance as God's glory, above all sense of personality, exempt from selfishness, is Salvation and Redemption.

"I eat of the heavenly manna,
I drink of the heavenly wine,
God is within and around me,
All good is for ever mine."

Your own Self,

SWAMI RAMA.

(The following from Mrs. Wellman has no date.)

"O the joy of the perusal of these precious letters! and to copy them gives a greater light, joy, holy, uplifted consciousness. Dear Puran, I know they will give you joy, and be a help to all to whom you in turn give. A complete copy, it is impossible to give. The

aura of the blessed divine master pervades the paper and all the lines he has penned, I treasure them above all else. The very presence of Rama is with me when I read those gracious lines inspiring ; yea, illumining my mind and heart, until the soul's brightness is perceptible; and my Atma, real Self Divine, is the only reality.

—————
Suryananda.

(11)

Joy !

Joy !!

Joy !!!

OM !

ॐ

OM !

(The following letter was written by Swami Rama to Mrs. Wellman on his arrival in India from America.)

BOMBAY.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MATA,

Rama has been in Bombay five days and will soon come to Muttra. Lectures and engagements kept Rama busy all along. Rama is infinitely happy as usual. Rama is so glad to learn you are still in India. Wishing you perfect health, cheerful spirits, peaceful heart, and blissful mind, and hoping to see you in Muttra.

Yours in Self,

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

(12)

OM!



OM!

Anand ! Anand !! Anand !!!

DEAR PURAN,

You know how we all met in Muttra and of the meetings. What a Blessed ! Blessed ! Time was that. Om ! Om !

PUSHKAR,

February 14, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER DIVINE,

A Graduate of the Bombay University, a beautiful young man, has offered his life to Rama's work to-day. He will stay with Rama assisting in literary work. How good is Providence or dear God. *It* or He never deceives those who work in trust on Him.

Narayana Swami will soon be sent to lecture abroad.

The work in nooks and corners is as grand as the work in the bright centres. In a Persian wheel, the small tooth-like wooden support (called *kutta* in Hindustani) is just as important as the oxen. The whole mechanism cannot stand if the poor wooden support be taken off. Nay, every nail attached to the

spokes is of paramount importance. What if children do not make use of such apparently small things. In the eyes of God, work, however humble, is just as grand when done in the spirit of Love. The puny dewdrop appears nothing before the *glorious* Sun, but the observant eye sees that this very tiny drop *reflects* the whole of the solar orb in its sweet little bosom. So, my blessed dear mother, soft, silent work in neglected quarters unknown to name and fame is just as noble and indispensable as loud noisy work which attracts the attention of whole mankind. I had been despondent over the little I seemed to be doing. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The mother swathes the tender babe; and when Time brings him to the University, the Professor lectures to the grown up boy, the mother's role is not so high-flown and reputation-bearing as that of the Professor. Nevertheless the mother's duty is far more sweet and important than the Professor's. We cannot suffer the maternal lap and the lullaby in childhood replaced by Professor's room and lectures.

Vedanta requires a common coolie to look upon his humble labour to be just as important and sacred as that of a Christ or Krishna. When we move one leg of a chair, do we not move the whole chair? So when we raise or elevate one soul, we raise and ennoble the whole world through him, so rigid is the solidarity of Man.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other work may be.
In their own tasks all their pouring powers.
These attain the mighty life you see.

O air-born voice ! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear.

*Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he who
finds himself, loses his misery.*

OM !

Joy ! Joy ! OM ! Peace ! Blessings ! Love.

RAMA.

(13)

PUSHKAR.

(DISTRICT AJMER.)

February 22, 1905.

OM ! Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

MOST BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER,

Your sweet, heavenly letter received. It is

indeed wonderful *unison* with God, and marvellous harmony with Love, to have such beautiful control over the physical as blessed Suryananda has. (I had been ill, and healed by divine power, Love).

OM! Joy! Jai! Jai!

The poem you sent was very fine.

God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform !

He plants His footsteps in the sea

And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines

Of never failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs

And works His Sovereign Will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh Courage take.

The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy and shall break

In blessings on your head.

Behind a frowning Providence

He hides a smiling face.

The bud may have a bitter taste

But sweet will be the flower.

Yes, Babu Jyoti Swarupa is indeed a most blessed heavenly incarnation of goodness. He is so kind.

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

(14)

PUSHKAR, AJMER DISTRICT.

OM ! Joy ! Joy ! OM ! Peace !

BLESSED MOTHER DIVINE,

Rama had been lying on the roof where you sat with him.

(Through the generous kindness of the Prime Minister at Kishangarh I was permitted to spend a day with the blessed Rama at Pushkar.)

Lost in divine consciousness, unconscious till your letter along with some others was brought and placed in Rama's hands. A long, loud, hearty and happy laughter was sent to your blessed self, before opening the letter. OM ! Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! Dearest mother, Rama sends you another peal of joyful laughter after reading your sweet letter.

Mother, you are all right every way, and Rama thoroughly understands your pure, sweet, tender, gentle nature. Rama is writing on different subjects,—prose and some poetry,—according to God's dictation.

Babu Ganga Prashad Varma was to go out to other provinces in India, visiting the Girls'

schools and watching the Female Education System abroad, with the view of introducing speedy Female Education Reforms in Lucknow and elsewhere. This work was entrusted to him by the Local Government. For this reason he could not come to see Rama before March. Rama probably won't stay on the plains in summer. Rama loves Kashmir and would highly enjoy your benign company and that of Rai Bhawani Das and other friends. Rama's presence and talks would benefit innumerable hungry souls, if Rama could go with you to Kashmir. But mother divine, the highest privilege that a person can enjoy is the continuous burning of the heart, mind, body and all at the altar of *Truth* and *Humanity*, and this is the way acceptable to the Supreme Spirit in the form of the *Impersonal*, unadulterated, small, still voice from *within*.

"If duty calls to brazen walls,
How base the fool who flinches."

Mother, consecrated life often goes led by some mysterious Divine reason that can not be analysed.

Rama may accompany you to Kashmir but

nothing definite can be said till the very moment of departure.

Your own Self,
RAMA TIRTHA.

(15)
OM

JAIPUR,
March 9, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAREST DIVINITY,

Your prophecy about Rama's coming has proved true so far that Rama has left Pushkar. Which way Rama goes from here, he leaves in the hands of the Supreme Providence (the Surya of Surya) to decide when the time comes. Two lectures were delivered in Ajmer Town Hall. They are going to arrange for lectures in the Town Hall at Jaipur. Puran had been to Pushkar, and wandered with Rama on the hills for two or three days. How sweet is Diljang Singh ! People are coming in crowds to see Rama, and this must be closed. God and I !

All this day we will go together, the night ever insatiate of love we will sleep together

and rise early and go forward in the morning wherever the steps shall lead, in solitary places or among the crowd, it shall be well. We shall not desire to come to the end of the journey nor consider what the end may be. Is not the end of all things with us already?

OM ! OM ! OM !

Soon will Rama be beyond the reach of letters—in forests, on hills, in God, in you. Don't know when next you may hear from

Your own Self,

RAMA.

Peace, Blessings, Love betide thee for ever.

(16)

OM !

HARDWAR,

Thursday Evening.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER,

Your prophecy has come out true and Rama is coming to Dehra and his Divine mother. But people out of extreme love stopped Rama at several places on the way. Lectures have been delivered at Alwar, Moradabad, Ajmer and Jaipur. Rama stopped at Hardwar,

parting company on the train with our beloved blessed Babu Jyoti Swarupa. The people here have come to know about Rama's presence, and they most lovingly implore Rama to prolong his stay. Rama also does not think it worth while to lose this opportunity to do what he can to improve the condition of the youthful Sadhus and others who are wonderfully receptive and hungry for anything proceeding from Rama. Work among the Sadhus, mother, is just what you wanted Rama to undertake, when we met at Muttra. Very lovely Swamis are taking in Rama's teachings.

Rama went up to the temple of Chandi on the opposite side of the Ganges to-day. The temple lies on the top of a lovely little hill. The forest on that side of the river is very thick, and the scenery most picturesque. The view of the Ganges, as branching into scores of streams, and turnings, is extremely beautiful. The Himalayan glaciers present a golden or diamond spectacle from the Chandi's Temple.

BLESSED ONE,

Neither praise nor blame,
Neither friends nor foes,

Neither love nor hatred,
Neither body nor its relations,
Neither home nor strange land.

No! Nothing of this world is important.
God is! God is real. God is the only reality.

Let everything go. God, God alone is the
all in all. Peace immortal falls as rain drops.
Nectar is dropping in the rain drops. Rama's
mind is full of peace. Joy flows from him.

Happy is Rama, and ever happy are you,
dear mother.

Peace! Blessing!

Love! Joy! Joy! OM! OM!

Love, Blessings, joy to your pupils, hostess
and host (Babu and Mrs. Jyoti Swarupa).

Your own Self,

RAMA.

(17)

July 5, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Rama's letter sent about a week ago to
your Mussoorie address may have reached
your noble self before this. Rama cannot go
to Kashmir this summer. So you may leisurely
enjoy your pleasure trip to Kailas, Man Sarovar

and other places. In the picturesque mountain scenes, you will surely feel at home at the sight of landscapes reminding you of the scenes earlier in life in blessed America.

Rama is very happy !

In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds
up and down I fly,

Hither' and thither weave,

From birth to grave

An endless web,

A changing sea

Of glowing life,

Thus in the whistling loom of time

I fly weaving the living robe of Deity.

OM !

Your own Self,

RAMA.

(18)

OM !

August 10, 1905,

Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

Peace ! Peace !

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER,

Your letter was received a few days ago.
But Rama has replied to no letters lately.

Today are finished three very useful books that Rama has been writing in the vernacular for the people. How is your health now? Rama wishes you perfect health and strength.

OM! OM! OM!

To arrange for your passage to America is after all not a hard matter, but we want you to remain with us. Perhaps it is selfish, but you also love the people here. Are you sure that the feebleness of the physique is due only to the Indian climate, and return to America will certainly do you good? If so, none of us should insist on keeping you here. We should all help to see you arrive safely in California.

Peace! Heartfelt-Blessings! Love!

Hope this letter will see you in good health.

OM!

RAMA.

(19)

OM! OM! OM!

Peace! Blessings! Love! Joy! Joy!

DARJEELING

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

Perhaps you know already Rama is in the hills about a thousand miles from Mussoorie.

Rama lives all alone in an old house belonging to the Bengal Forest authorities. Away from the railway line, removed from the Post Office, beyond reach of visitors and callers, surrounded by a scenery among the richest in the world, with beautiful rills, and springs running at short distance from it, and when the weather is fair, commanding a distant view of the world's highest mountain, Mt. Everest. Even here fresh milk is brought to Rama by the mountaineers living in the woods. Walks in the woods and study fill up Rama's time.

What are name, fame, ambitions, wealth, achievements and all, when "man in the woods with God may meet"? Why should we catch and cherish the *fever of doing*?

Let us be divine. The morning breeze blows and is not anxious how many and what sort of flowers bloom. It simply blows on everything, and those buds that are full ripe to sprout, open their eyes. The dens of lions, the burning jungle, the dingy dungeons, the earthquake shocks, the falling rocks, the storms, battlefields and the gaping graves, if accompanied by God-consciousness in us, are

far sweeter than pomp, honour, glory, thrones, luxuries, retinue and all, when with these a man is not *Himself* in inner solitude *one with the One without a second*. Oh! the joy of the finished purpose, light steps going about making every step our goal, every night the bodily death, and every day our new life."

Farewell, friends, and part,
 The mansion universe is too small,
 I and my love alone will play, Oh!
 The joys of swimming together!
 Together? No. The joy of swimmers
 dissolved rolling as the ocean!
 Om! Joy! Joy!

Your own Self,
 OM.

(20)

(The following is also a portion and the last received by me.)

Om! Peace! Peace! Disciple! Up!
 Untiring hasten to bathe thy breast in the
 morning red.

As journeys this earth, her eye on a Sun, through the heavenly spaces and radiant in azure, or sunless swallowed in tempests.

Halt not, journeying equal sunlit, or stormgirt.
So thou, son of earth, who hast force, goal and
time, *go still onward.*"

"As the light of the sun in the rain mist,
As the stars reflect in the sea ;
So what to my wonder seems vastest
Is but a reflection from me.

And all things that my spirit revereth,
All grandeurs my heart would enshrine,
By command of the silence that heareth
Already for ever were mine.

All arguments may fail,
All formal creeds prove false,
Only the limping soul needs Logic's crutches,
While to the pure in heart the very air
breathes,

And the very ground pulses with truth.
Nature and God within man's heart are one
Why should I pray ? Since all things far
and near

But answer to my spirit's most needs.
I bring my joy, my gratitude, my love.
I enter into life fearless and confident,
I cleanse myself from every hateful thought,
I make my daily toil a song of praise.
I love the earth and feel its very life is part
of me.

My only prayer is gladness which I love,

Why should I make appeal for help from some
far source ?

Since life is mine, since I am one with Him

Who is my life."

OM !

Your Self,
RAMA.

DEAR PURAN,

I am happy to share these precious letters. We were both Rama's disciples. O mother India, my heart leaps to thee. Dear children, fail not remember Suryananda.

The student of thy modern Rishi is ever, ever mindful of thee. Let us awake out of this body of death, this Babylon of confusion. Let us return to our father's house enriched with the experience of mortality. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Let the dead present go on burying its dead. We will listen to the voice speaking in us, and not be ashamed of God. We will call ourselves by that *one* name, for we are born of God, Sexless and *United* in the "I am."

Thou art the word of the Lord God and thou shalt endure for ever. All Life is invisible.

"Only such as have ceased to see personality, can know the Infinity of being." The narrow-minded ask, "Is this one of our tribe (caste)? But the twice-born (Born of Truth) are of noble disposition. The whole world is but one family". (Gita).

Light and Love are one. Thou art the self-illuminating one.

"Hatred stirreth up strife but Love covereth all sins."

A man's heart desireth his way. But the Lord directeth his steps.

"Memory's records, sad though sweet, can lose their influence never!"

Dear Puran, I wish I might send money with this to publish all you desire.

I trust, dear Puran, that you will not defer answering this, as I shall want to know if you received it.

Love to your mother, to your wife, also kindly remember me to those who may enquire. I have written *two* letters to Babu Jyoti Swarupa since receiving any reply from him. What has become of Swami Shivgan Acharya? Please tell me if he is still at Muttra. If you

see Dear Rama's people or can send them word of my Love for them, please do so. Thou knowest in the kingdom of Truth, Love, Wisdom, we are one ! OM ! OM ! OM ! Ever, As Ever Mother.

Address, Station M. Los Angeles, California,
U. S. A.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

1.

God bless our ancient Hind,
Ancient Hind, once glorious Hind,
From Sagar Island to the Sind,
From Kashmir to Cape Comorin,
May perfect peace e'er reign therein.
God bless our peaceful Hind,

2.

Let all her sons in love unite
And make them do their duty aright.
Fill them with knowledge ever true
And let their virtue shine anew.

3.

Your aid the country doth implore,
Give her a hearing, oh, once more,
National spirit in her do pour,
Extend her fame from shore to shore.

God bless once powerful Hind.

4.

O Krishna of mighty deeds untold,
O Rama ever so brave and bold,
Forsake them not in evil days,
Unworthy though in many ways.
God bless our helpless Hind.

Rama's Lover.

SWAMI RAMA.

The following poem was read at a Farewell meeting held on the occasion of Swami Rama's departure for India.

Like golden Oriole 'neath the Pines,
Rama chants to us his blessed lines.
Rich freighted with the Orient's lore
He spreads it on our Western shore.
A bird of passage on the wing,
He brings a message from the King.
And this his clear resounding call
All, all for God and God for all !
His message given, he flits afar
Like swiftly coursing meteor,
But leaves of Heavenly fire a trace—
A new-born love for all his race.
Adieu ! Sweet Rama, thy radiant smile
A soul in Hades would beguile,

And though we may not meet again
Upon this changing earthly plane,
We know to thee all good must be,
For thou'rt in God and God in thee.

OM! OM! OM!

5 LETTERS TO MRS. PAULINE WHITMAN
(KAMALANANDA).

HER MOTHER (CHAMPA) AND HER SISTER.

(From Original manuscripts.)

(1)

SHASTA SPRINGS,

July 22, 1903.

DEAR BLESSED CHAMPA (Flora),

Perhaps you would not like to be addressed that way. But whether you do or not, Rama feels inclined to call you by that name. In the East Indian's (Hindu's) language every name has a remarkable significance, and the name *Champa* (usually given to girls of noble and high families) literally means sweet-scented, full blown white Jessamine.

This name naturally and spontaneously occurred to Rama just when the pen was handled to write this letter. It can be written—*Champa* or *Chum pa*.

The other day a long letter was dictated to Kamala (Pauline) in answer to all your queries. Did you receive the letter from her? It contained also some recent poems of Rama.

✓VEDANTIC DIRECTIONS.

1. Vedantic Religion may be summed up in the single commandment—

✓Keep yourself perfectly happy and at rest, no matter what happens—sickness, death, hunger, calumny, or anything.

Be cheerful and at peace on the ground of your Godhead to which thou shalt ever be true.

2. The world—its inmates, relations and all are vanishing quantities if you please to assert the Majesty of your real Self.

Inspect, observe and watch or do anything ; but do all that in the light of your True Self, that is to say, forget not that your Self is above all that and beyond all want.

You really require nothing. Why should you feel a desire for anything? Do your work with the grace of a Universal Ruler, for pleasure, fun, or mere amusement's sake. Never, never feel that you want anything.

3. When you live these principles of Vedanta, spontaneously will the sweet aroma of Truth proceed in all directions from you.

Before falling asleep—when the eyes begin to close—every night or noon make a

firm resolve in your mind to find yourself an embodiment of Vedantic Truth on waking up.

When you wake up, before doing anything else just bring to your mind vividly the determination dwelt upon before falling asleep.

Whenever you can, just chant or hum to yourself OM.

This way like a true, genuine Champa you will be shedding delicious fragrance and charming glory all around you all the time.

Loud outcries and wounds which once would hurt
and smart,

Now sounds so sweet—like hymns of praise or
music's balmy art.

O thief, O slanderer, robber dear!

Look sharp, come, welcome, quick, O don't you
fear.

My self is thine, thine is mine,

Yes, if you don't mind,

Please take away these things you think are
mine.

Yes, if you think it fit,

Kill this body at one blow,

Or slay it bit by bit,

Take off the body and all you may,

Be off with name and fame, away!

Take off, away!

Yet if you look just turning round,
 'Tis I alone am safe and sound.
 Good day! O dear, Good day!

✓ NOTES FOR KAMALA.

The true way to bring about Vedantic Socialism is to enjoy our *Now and Here*, irrespective of wealth or poverty, to such a degree that the rich may feel their poverty before us, and rise above their sense of possession. The greatest mistake made by the present-day Socialists is that they *envy* the drop of sea-spray possessed by the so-called wealthy, instead of *pitying* their burden.

Those who have a mind to enjoy can enjoy the diamonds shining in the brilliant star-lit skies, can derive abundance of pleasure from the smiling forests and dancing rivers, can reap inexhaustible joy from the cool breeze, sunshine and moonlight freely placed at the service of each and all by Nature.

✓ Those who believe *their happiness depends upon particular conditions*, will find the day of enjoyment ever recede from them and run away constantly like will-o-the-wisp. The so called *wealth of the world* instead of being a

source of happiness only serves as an artificial screen to shut out the glory and aroma of all Nature—heavens and free scenery.

There is no artificial music which can ever come up to the natural flow of one's own feelings whether in the form of silent tears or solitary laughter, or lonely dabbling in poetry.

All artificial music and especially phonographic music being heard over and over again ultimately jars on the ears and brings down the Soul to the material plane.

Why should we quarrel over an equal distribution of stones and pebbles?

Kamala can well afford to let the so-called rich people make fools of themselves in claiming an exclusive possession of the disease called *wealth*.

HIMALAYAN SOLITUDE.

(To continue for some years yet.)

(The same matter as that of Himalayan scenes No. 5 given on pages 28 & 29 together with the following :—)

... Deep meditation, study of Vedic Scriptures, and writing on Philosophy and Religion keep Rama busy all the time in this lofty solitude.

No village within eight miles. One servant lives at a distance of one mile down the hill to prepare food for Rama. For many months Rama wrote or answered no letters of any kind, giving up all correspondence.

K and O (Kamla and Om) need not hurry for India.

Everything will come out in due time beautifully without any impatience on our parts. Just live in God, as God.

Not the body, not the mind,
No relations, no connections,
Constitute your Self.
Nothing but God is,
Nothing but God is your Self.

Peace, Blessings, Joy to the most blessed Girja and Champa.

Ashtavakra Gita translated by a dear blessed friend of Rama is sent herewith under separate cover.

- ✓ 1. Let nothing be committed in the capacity of little self or personality.
- ✓ 2. Let us live as if the body, etc., never were (existed).

An ancient Vedic hymn is partly translated

below being originally composed by a Hindu lady.

... ..

3. By me, whoever sees, or breathes, or hears what is said, eats food : they know it not but are under my control. Listen one and all, verily it is so.

4. I blow as the wind blows, taking hold of all worlds : past heaven, past earth : I am all might.

5. I am Law, the inevitable, I am Truth, the inexorable. I bend the bow for Nature that her arrow may smite down the people who live not God-life.

Over heaven is my reign, over this mighty earth I stretch.

Prayers of mankind draw nigh me, like lowing cattle coming home from the forest in the evening.

Your Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

(2)

OM

September 15, 1903.

DEAREST "GOOD BOY" OR SWEETEST BABY

KAMALA,

You are pure, faultless and Holy of holies. No blame, no spot, no taint of worldliness, no fear, no sin. Arn't you such, darling?

IF YOU NEVER MIND, you might put into verse the following thoughts. The attempt to do so will keep you on blessed heights.

These are translated from a Persian poem that Rama wrote this morning. You might versify them while in Portland or Denver. Just suit yourself.

You have every right to modify the ideas.

1. Rage wild and surge and storm, O Ocean of Ecstasy, and level you down the Earth and Heavens. Drown deep and shatter and scatter all thought and care. O! what have I to do with these?

2. Come, let us drink deep and deeper still. O dead drunk ! we weed out the sense of division, pull down the walls of limited existence, and set at large That Unveiled Bliss.

3. Come, madness Divine, quick, look

sharp, alack the delay ! My mind is weary
of the flesh, O ! let the mind sink, sink in
Thee ; spare it prompt, from the consuming oven.

4. Set on fire the *meum et tuum* (mine
and thine) ; cast to the four winds all fear and
hope ; eliminate differentiation ; let the head
be not distinguished from the foot.

5. Give me no bread, give me no water,
and give me no shelter or rest, Love's precious
parching Thirst ! O Thou alone art enough to
atone the decay of millions of frames like this.

The western sky doth seem to glow

So beautifully bright ;

Is it the Sun that makes it so ?

Surely it is thy light.

Your own Self,

Rama.

(3)

Kishangadh House,
PUSHKAR,
(AJMER DISTRICT.)

February 22, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

What a splendid weather where Rama is.
Every day a New Year day and every night a

Christmas night. The blue heavens are my cup and the sparkling light my wine.

I am the light air in the hills, I pass and pass and pass. From the hills I creep down into the towns and cities—fresh and pervading through all the streets I pass.

Him I touch and her I touch and you I touch—such is my playful amusement.

I am the Light, lovingly I feed my children—the flowers and plants. I live in the eyes and hearts of the beautiful and the strong.

Stay with Me, then I pray ;

Dwell with Me through the day

And through the night, and where it is neither
night nor day,

Dwell quietly. Pass, pass not anymore.

Thou canst not pass.

I too am where thou art ;

I hold thee fast ;

Not by the yellow sands nor the blue deep,

But in my heart, thy heart of hearts.

By living in the Light of lights the way opens up of itself. The accurate working of details takes place spontaneously (like the

opening up of the closed petals of a rose-bud),
when the genial light of Devotion and divine
Wisdom shines free.

It is hoped you received the January issue
of the Thundering Dawn from Puran,
Sutarmandi, Lahore.

Your own Self,
SWAMI RAMA TRUTH.

In the January issue, your poems have been
published under the name *Kamala Nanda*
which is a full Swami name.

When you send any fresh contributions,
they will appear under the name 'Om' if
you like.

Love, Blessings, Joy, Peace to dear blessed
Girja and all.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

STARS.

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the voice,
"Wouldst thou be as they are? Live as they,
Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see.
These demand not that the things without them,

Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
 And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll ;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting,
 All the fever of some differing soul.
 Bounded by themselves and unregardful
 In what state God's other work may be
 In their own tasks, all their powers pouring
 These attain the mighty life you see."

(4)

PUSHKAR.

District Ajmer, India.

Joy ! Joy ! Joy !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

DEAREST MOST BLESSED SELF,

On the bank of a calm, clear and deep,
 deep lake Rama lives. A long, even-sized,
 continuous hill lies stretched on one side,
 wearing a beautiful green shawl all over.
 Mango-groves abound here. There are two
 little flower-gardens in the house where Rama
 lives. Flights of gorgeous peacocks keep
 screaming from their metallic throats. Ducks
 are playfully swimming and diving in the lake.
 Narayana Swami (the beautiful young man of

whom Rama may have spoken to you) is here helping Rama in copying his writings, etc.

This lake is called the Earth's eye. The wooded hills and cliffs are its overhanging brows. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the Sun's hazy brush—this the light dust-cloth.

This lake is one of the highest characters Rama has met; how well it preserves purity! It has not acquired one wrinkle after all its ripples. It is perennially young.

Let such be our hearts.

OM! OM!!

In summer Rama moves up to the cool Himalayas.

The western sky doth seem to glow

So beautiful bright;

Is it the Sun that makes it so?

Surely it is thy light.

Here do—

Birds hang and swing, green-robed and red,

Or droop in curved lines dreamily,

Rainbows reversed from tree to tree;

Or sing low hanging overhead,

Sing soft as if they sing and sleep,
Sing low like some distant waterfall,
And take no note of us at all.

The *Thundering Dawn* is re-started. Four new numbers have already been out. The January issue is almost entirely from Rama's pen. Some of Kamala's poems have also been given under the name of Kamalananda.

No letter from Kamala is received in India.

Peace, Blessings, Love from.

Your own Self,

SWAMI RAMA.

TO DEAR LITTLE OM, Joy, Joy, Joy,
and Love to Girja.

You must be ready at the right time to come to Rama. Rama will write when the time comes. OM ! OM !!

Rama.

(5)

OM !

JOY ! BLESSINGS ! PEACE ! LOVE !

Darjeeling.

August 30, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAREST ONE,

For three months Rama was on the summit

of a mountain (about 8,000 ft.) opposite the world's highest mountain, *viz.*, Mt. Everest. Day after to-morrow he will go down to the plains. Five books have been written here and twenty books read.

Rama's mind is brimful of joy and peace. The world has, as it were, entirely vanished from the mind.

God, God alone
Everywhere !
Within, without
Far and near !
O Joy !
Thrilling peace !
Undulating Bliss !
What a heaven !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love !
Health spiritual, mental, and physical, and all that is good, to Girja, Om, Champa and others dear to you.

Peace immortal falls as rain drops.
Nectar is dropping in musical rain.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!
My clouds of glory, they march so gaily !
The worlds as diamonds drop from them.
Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My breezes of Law blow rhythmical, rhythmical.
Lo ! Nations fall like petals, leaves.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My balmy breath, the breeze of Law,
Blows beautiful ! beautiful !
Some objects swing and sway like twigs,
And others like the dewdrops fall.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My graceful light, a sea of white,
An ocean of milk, it undulates.
It ripples softly, softly, softly;
And then it beats out worlds of spray !
I shower forth the stars as spray !

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

RAMA.

OM ! OM ! OM !

3 LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

(1)

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

August 10, 1903.

(Under the canopy of starlit heaven, in a Natural garden on the bank of a Mountain Stream.)

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter along with some other mail received just after coming back from a most pleasant trip to the top of Mt. Shasta (14444 ft. altitude).

Dear, thou shalt absolutely *do* nothing. Set well thy house in order, open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter—thy treasures, let the poorest take of them; then come thou forth to where I wait for thee.

Pass out—free—O Joy! free flow on, swim across in the Sea of Equality, सन्ता समुद्र. At one jerk snap asunder, break off all ties and duties, and stand glorious in Thy Godhead.

بر چشمہ خور سحاب تا کے

The people of Portland (Oregon) write Rama in a long poem which partly runs as follows :—

“Dear little Lotus Flower,
Nestling in thy cozy bower,
Mid the leaves so cool and green
By happy eyes alone Thou’rt seen.
Smiling, resting, billing, cooing
The soft Zephyrs gently wooing
Lifting up thy star-lit eyes
To the heavenly blissful skies
Thou dost rest so gently on—
Silent, laughing, wonderful, calm.
All the world’s to Thee
Thyself ; and nothing
More or less.

*

*

*

*

The flowers smile and nod with glee,
Soon, soon thou wilt be here.
The clouds let down their dewy tears
To welcome these so dear !
Thy message lo ! the wind doth blow
Where does the sound come from ?
Above, below, behind, before
“I come, I come, I come.”

No more letters to Rama. If Rama please, he may drop a line or so, but letters addressed to Rama will not reach him.

Look within, search within, you will always get the answers. Yourself is Rama.

Invitations come from all quarters.

پر بیٹھی! ” وہ تو موج کا مالک ہے۔“
 خیال تو یہ تھا کہ دنیا کے فت بال کو لڑھکاتا لڑھکاتا رام
 فارس کی راہ شاید بھارت کو آئیگا۔ لیکن اس کا کیا تھکانہ؟
 ماضی ہے نہ مستقبل۔ فرض ہے نہ قرض۔ لیکن نہ دینا
 ترنگ بیخودی میں کسی دن یہ جسم کا بابلا پھوٹنے
 کو نہیں آتا؟

یہاں کس کا بھارت اور کس کا امریکہ؟
 جس کو غرض پڑی ہو ان قلمی کتابوں کے تھیں
 (Manuscripts) کو بعد میں چھپواتا پھرے۔

جتھے کئی سوھنی اوتھے مہین وال
 چھت دنیا چھت کم دنیا دے نالے دنیا والے +
 متے ماتلق امن نہوے دے دنیا و اہلما +

पर, भई! “ वह तो मौज का मालिक है ।

खयाल तो यह था कि दुनिया के फुट बाल को लुढ़काता-लुढ़काता
 राम फारस की राह शायद भारत को आयगा , लेकिन इस का क्या
 ठिकाना ?

माझी है न मुस्तकबिल, फर्ज है न कर्ज , लेना न देना ।
 तरंगे-बेखुदी में किसी दिन यह जिस्म का बुलबुला फूटने को
 नहीं आता ?

यहाँ किसका भारत और किस का अमरीका?

जिसको गरज पड़ी हो इन कस्मी किताबों के ढेर (Manuscripts)

को बाद में छपवाता फिर ।

जित्थे गई सोहनी, ओथे महींवाल ।

बड़ दुन्या, बड़ कम्म दुन्या दे , नाले दुन्या वाले

BUSINESS PAGE.

1. 21 Pages of نظم معرا were sent the other day. If Babu Harlal be willing to publish that, well and good, otherwise you may see it through the Press with his consent.

2. You may correspond with Babu Ram Narayana, C/o, RAI CHANDOO LAL, Deputy Collector and Magistrate, Agra, in regard to राम वर्मा and other Urdu lectures if they have printed any.

3. 8 Pages of English poetry are sent herewith.

4. The "Appeal" was handed to the *President of the United States* in a personal interview by Rama. The whole matter is for the present laid in the hands of a committee of San Francisco nobility.

5. The four lectures sent from San Francisco were to be reprinted in India. You can get any number of copies there. For further particulars, write please to Babu Harlal.

6. OM! OM! to Pandit Udai Chandra
and all. OM! OM!! OM!!!

(2)

PORTLAND, ORE.

To

MRS. E. C. CAMPBELL,
Denver, Colorado.

When people set *their heart on anything* and meet with obstacle, there do they get ruffled and upset. The cause of agitation and disturbance without exception is the tendency to resist the seeming *Evil*. Thus, don't you think Christ had his head level when he said, "Resist not Evil"? Keep yourself calm, perfectly happy, and receive with good cheer whatever appears to be opposing the current of your desire. ✓ When we don't lose our balance and remain centred in Self, Rama has always seen through personal experience that the seeming evil turns into good. Don't you remember how those Rs. 10 were sent to a Hindu student after a seeming evil? But by distemper and disquietude we shut out upon ourselves the gate of all the blessings, noble

thoughts and happy pieces of fortune that might be awaiting us. Overcome all evil and difficulties by a mind carrying the body and worldly life on the palm of its hand, in other words, by giving a mind full of *love* than which there is no higher force. Om!

Your own dear Self as

RAMA SWAMI.

(3)

PORTLAND, ORE.

To

MRS. E. C. CAMPBELL,

Denver, Colorado.

YOU ARE CONSTANTLY REMEMBERED BY RAMA.

OM ! OM !!

You are so sincere, pure, noble, earnest, faithful and very good ! Are you not ?

1. To compare or contrast one person with another in the mind.

2. To compare oneself with any body else mentally.

3. To compare the present with the past and brood over the memory of past mistakes.

4. To dwell upon future plans and fear anything.
5. To set our heart on anything but the one Supreme Reality.
6. To depend on outward appearances and not to practically believe in the inner Harmony that rules over everything.
7. To jump up to the conclusions from the *words*, or seeming conduct of people, and to rest thoroughly satisfied with faith in the Spiritual Law.
8. To be led astray too far in conversation with the people.

It is this that breeds discontent in people's mind. Therefore shun these eight sources of trouble. Om!

Your own noble Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

3 LETTERS FROM INDIAN PLAINS.

KISHANGARH HOUSE,
PUSHKAR, AJMERE.

*(For the Thundering Dawn or for immediate
publication elsewhere)*

(1)

WHO AM I ?

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Take up a mirror and see Me reflected in it. Enter into inner solitude and feel Me as the Power of Silence. Look up at the Sun and behold my likeness. "Verily know Me, this is the highest gain for man. Know Me. Whoever knows Me, by no deed soever is his future bliss marred, never will depart the bloom from the face of one who knows Me." (*Upanishad.*)

Blessed art thou, whosoever, from whose eyes the scales are dropped to see Me ! Blessed is the place where thou walkest, for it must be turned into paradise by your Rama glances. Everywhere my home is.

Beating in thy breast, seeing in thy eyes, throbbing in thy pulse, smiling in the flowers, laughing in the lightning, roaring in the rivers, and silent in the mountains is Rama. Fling aside Brahmanhood, burn up Swamiship, throw overboard the alienating titles and honours, Rama is one with you, darling. Whoever you be, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, man or woman, saint or sinner, Christ or Judas, Krishna or Gopi, Rama is your own Self. I am determined to thunder out in your bosom my Godhead, your Godhead, and proclaim it through every deed and movement.

Germany, England, America, India, and all, I must shake them to freedom. I am tired of the old game. Dream-walker ! dost thou hear the Himalayan Peal ? Dost thou feel the Thundering Dawn ? Freedom ! Freedom !

No flimsy phantom this. So wills Rama, your Self of self, and Rama's order is absolute.

Freedom ! Freedom !!

Not to produce millions of followers like Buddha, Mohammed, Christ and other Prophets

or Incarnations, but to Produce, evoke or express Rama himself in every man, woman and child is Rama's mission. Trample over this body, eat up this personality, grind, digest and assimilate me, then and then alone you do justice to Rama.

OM! OM !! OM !!!

مراسلہ بنام رسالہ الف
ایک سال سے زیادہ عرصہ تک تم 'ب' بن کر لیٹے رہے۔
آخر کہاں تک؟ اُتھ کھڑے ہو۔ قم باذنی
رام بادشاہ
ہر دل و دیدہ میں جا جھنڈا الف کا ٹھونک دے
بہت سا مضمون رسالہ الف کے لئے بھی تیار پڑا ہے
خرچ و رچ کی پروا کو ایک دم دریا برد کر دو۔

مُرَاسَلَا بِنَامِ رَسَالَا اِخْلِیْف

एक साल से ज्यादा अरसे तक। तुम 'बे' बन कर लेटे रहे। आखिर
कहां तक? उठ खड़े हो। कुम बइज़नी।

राम बादशाह

हर दिलो दीदह में जा झंडा अलिफ का ठोंक दे।

बहुत सा मज़मून रसाला अलिफ के लिये भी तैयार पड़ा है। खर्च वचं
की परवाह को एक दम दरया बुर्द कर दो।

Resolve to be thyself and know that he who
finds himself loses his misery.

(2)

Advocate Office,
LUCKNOW.

The Steamer for Japan leaves Calcutta on about August 20th, 1902.

It is not known when Rama returns to India. Even the landing place will not be foretold.

Ever with you. ॐ

RAMA.

(3)

MUZAFFARNAGER,
October 18, 1905.

SWEETHEART, GREAT HEART,

Ashes smeared to the hands wash clean the skin.

So, thrice blessed are physical ailments, when they rub away along with themselves the skin-consciousness.

O welcome illness and pain !

So long as a dead carcase is left in the house, there is every danger of all kinds of pest; when the corpse is removed, health reigns supreme. Just so, as long as body-consciousness is cherished, we invite every malady in the

world. Burn away the body and its bearings,
and immediately we enjoy unrivalled
Sovereignty.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

No jealousy, no fear ;

I'm the dearest of the dear.

No sin, no sorrow ;

No past, no morrow.

The learned Mahatmas with hair splitting
heads and prominent bellies.

The spectacled Professors astonishing the
innocent students in the laboratory or the
observatory.

The bare-headed orators striking dumb
their audiences from their pulpits or platforms.

Even the poor rich full of complaints of
one kind or another —

All these I am.

The heavens and stars,

Worlds, near and far,

Are hung and strung

On the tunes I sung ;

No rival, no foe !

No injury, no woe !

No, nothing could harm me,

No, nothing alarm me

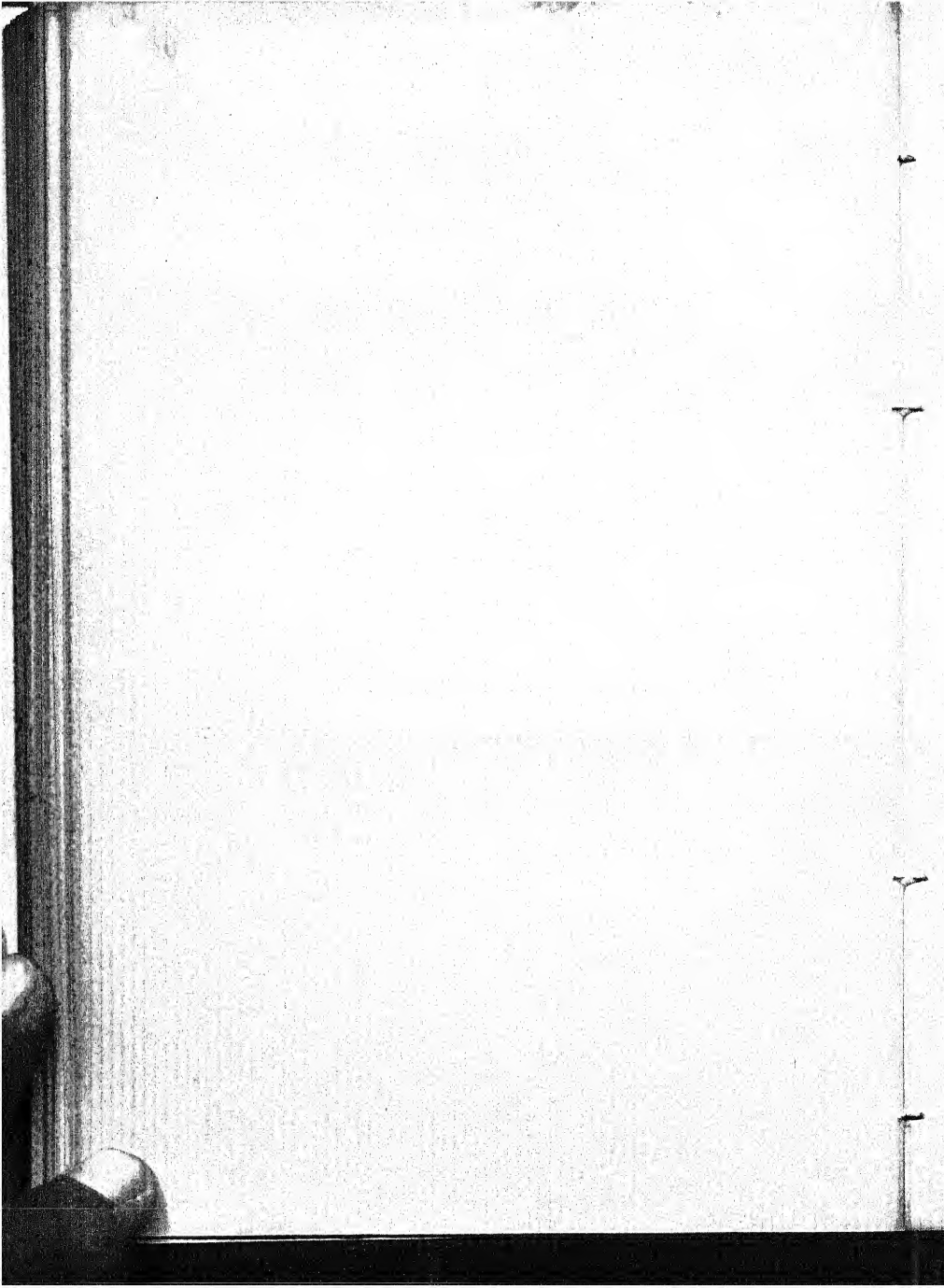
The soul of all,
The nectar-fall,
The Sweetest Self,
Yea ! health itself.
The prattling streams,
The happiest dreams,
All myrrh and balm,
Rawan and Rama,
So pure, so calm,
Am I, am I,

RAMA.

NOTE-BOOKS

OF

SWAMI RAMA



NOTE-BOOK No. 11. (*Continued*).

A NOTE ON THE MONISTIC VIEW OF THE BRAHMA MIMANSA DARSHANA.

The comparative study of the different commentaries on Brahma Sutras leaves no doubt as to Shankara's system being the only true representative of the Sutrakara's views. In the purely argumentative part of the Darshana, i. e. *II. Adhyaya, Pada 2, the last Adhikarana*, sutras 42-45, he refutes the views of Bhagwatas. The Vaishanava commentaries with Shankara admit that the Sutras 42-43 raise objections against the system. The sutra 45, the last sutra of the Adhikarana, runs thus:—

विप्रतिषेधाच्च ।

This is analogous to the previously given last sutra which concludes the *Sankhya* refutation.

विप्रतिषेधाच्चसमञ्जसम् । 11., 2, 10

Consequently the Sutra 45, like its predecessor Sutra 10, of the same *Pada* cannot refer to anything else but the contradictions in the Pancharatra system. Besides the whole *Pada* all along being purely argumentative

and not at a single place throughout Scriptural authority being appealed to, the Vaishnava commentators have no right to interpret the last Sutra so as to imply no contradiction with the Shruti. Thus the last Sutra conclusively rejects the *Bhagwata's* system. We turn now to Sutra 44. It runs—

विज्ञानादि भावे वा तत् प्रतिषेधः ॥

The two preceding Sutras are

उत्पत्त्यसम्भवात् ॥ 42

and

न च कर्तुःकरणम् ॥ 43

which present powerful argumentative objections against the system and objecting criticism or attacking objection being the purport, principle or method which dominates every one of the Sutras from No. 1 to No. 43 throughout the *Pada*, Shankara naturally takes the तत् of Sutra 44 to refer to the objection raised in the preceding Sutra 43 or 42, an interpretation amply supported by Sutra 45. Sri Ramanuja and others on the other hand make the तत् simply the *Bhagawata* system, and take the Sutra to be the *Siddhanta* which refutes the *Purva Paksha* given in the two preceding

Sutras. Here any careful observer will at once see that त् and नत् has been the particle employed by the Sutrakara whenever he meant to reject a *Purva Paksha*. Again the objections being given in *three Sutras*, the *Siddhanta* could not have only one Sutra to it and that not the last. Again full 44 *Sutras* being devoted to objections and refutations, the *Sutrakara* could not balance his controverting energy a single *Siddhanta Sutra*, i. e., No. 44. There was no need of it either, the *Siddhanta* having thoroughly and at length been settled in the first *Adhyaya*.

Further, the forced interpretation by which Shri Ramanuja attempts to defend his Sutra 44 commits himself to Advaita Vedanta against his will. The Madhava system interprets *Sutras* in the light of the Pauranic authority all through, and every body knows that *sutras* were not intended to systematize the *Pauranas* but the *Vedic Upanishads*. The *Anu Bhashya* follows Ramanuja. For any impartial and capable judge, the *Sutras* give no quarters to any system but that of Shankara whose *Bhashya* then is the oldest and the best.

According to Rama's individual opinion, it were no loss to Advaita, if the *Sutrakara* actually taught something else, but it is a great credit to him that he thoroughly grasped it and preached nothing else. The authentic Upanishads, even according to such observers as Deussen, Gough, Thibaut, etc., bear out Shankara's system. Shankara talks of the Bhagwatas with great respect and regard. And the beauty of his system is that not only does he reconcile all the Vedic texts so beautifully as surely none else can, but without giving up his own Advaita position, he can accommodate all other systems assigning each a place. He recommends pure action *Nishkama Karma* for the seekers of peace. He encourages *Bhakti* and has a significant place for the Lord *Ishwara*, giving the only irrefutable conception of the same.

The non-monistic on the other hand cannot assimilate his non-dualism.

Rama reads the *Samhita* hymns. Oh! How elevating and sweet a study! The names of Devas, Yajna, Soma, and other technical words, Rama takes in a sense of own, though derivable

from the primitive roots of the words. Thus to him the Samhitas are nothing but Vedantic hymns. Rama used to read Hafiz, Amir Khusro and other Persian poets giving to *Mai*, *Zulf*, *Saqi*, a peculiar religious significance, and the whole *Diwan* was full of spiritual enjoyment. Of course more direct and penetrating are the Vedic hymns.

The Christian Bible has had about as many interpretations as the generations through which it has passed and purely Vedantic interpretations are not being wanting. And so has every other living religious work been interpreted to suit the spiritual wants of the people who used it.

Rama sometimes feels as if the Vedas were handed down especially for himself. But let no one try, for other people, to displace the traditional or conventional or original significations of the Vedic words and Mantras by his private interpretations however much the latter may be commendable to himself.

Unless a religious Scripture meets the spiritual wants of the people, it cannot live; and as the people grow in the

course of Evolution, the interpretation of the religious Scriptures of theirs must advance with them.

People appear to be acting very unreasonably; behaving in a sort of vague, dim fashion, not knowing their own good and are quite inconsistent, and why? Because the world is no more than a dream. What could you expect of the dream objects but vagueness, dim, hazy, undefined, stumbling outline?

Jivan mukta is one who lacks the ordinary springs of motive and consequently cannot be influenced in any way.

One whom profit and loss, counsel of friends, gain and disadvantage, talk of pupils, crooked suggestions of adversaries, unexpected news of any kind can influence and draw from him "what?" etc., he is unworthy to lead, incapable of guiding. His stage of realization is law (स्थिति) and is in a dangerous position.

La ilaha illallah.

So long as magnanimity (उदारता) has not

become natural with us, we cannot realize God. No realization for a close mind. No peace for the close-minded (कृपण), and yet the outward relations force on us thoughts by which we are contracted into narrow limits. Magnanimity must be the rule and yet the world generates the very opposite in us. How to reconcile? The rule of conduct must be magnanimity उदारता and this can be observed and kept up only when in the heart of hearts we believe in the Reality of God alone, acting through our neighbours, their seeming forms being non-entity.

BEAUTY.

Come, I will show you God!

Look at that face which seems shaped out of innocence. That is beauty. Innocence, renunciation (त्याग), wonder, indifference, and denial of the sense possession constitute beauty. Attractiveness, whether spiritual or material, is always in direct proportions to innocence. The charm of colours emanating from the white light is wholly due to renunciation and self-abnegation. That very

colour which we ascribe to an object is just the one which has been renounced by it. The white and bright object is one which renounces all the colours.

Loveliness is just in proportion to claimlessness as in the baby and the child.

Now see in the same direction, look straight and gaze through till the line of Beauty and the line of objectivity meet converging as they do, to the same point (God). Woe unto you, if you fall down on the way.

When we concentrate on what is foolishly called the "beautiful object," the beauty materially suffers thereby, just as much as the beauty spiritual, provided the person believes in our compliments.

Abnegating the sense of possession, transparency results. By attributing possession to a face you tend to make it ugly. Thus you dig a pit and fall into it. Damn not yourself and also the so called charming thing; see beyond, see God, tear the veil of appearance, look through and see Rama.

The system building advice and organising conscious exertions of the worldly wise are just

as impractical and futile as the strained and unnatural labour-advice to students given in Todd's *Students' Manual*. The child, if alive, the organization of body develops and grows of itself, similarly you need only to live, *i. e.*, be one with God, and see the organizations forming around you spontaneously.

If you are induced to sympathise with the worldly and take on their condition, why should you not sympathise with God and take on his Being? He is poor enough, there being nothing besides Him and an orphan (having no parents).

If man could be perfectly happy under the dominion of passions, his moral condition would be hopeless. The knowledge of passion (*i. e.*, reason) destroys passion, because passion = *confused idea*. Reason not only masters passion but receives a fresh accession of power, it not only detects the illusion but becomes possessed of the truth that underlies it, so that what we sought blindly is.....

"Intuitive Reason" = *ज्ञान* or *عشق*. Worldly wisdom = intellectual slavery of *passion*.

Passion is excited when Reason fails: *cf.*

"filling up with loudness the gap left by logic." The mind that is the prey of passion, is wasting itself on a vain show, *fastening on that as real and permanent which is fugitive and evanescent.* "Reason and passion cannot co-exist." Where emotion is contrary to reason it is *noxious*, where coincides, it is useless. "In the sphere of the passions, that emotion is most vivid and powerful which is referred to a *present* rather than an absent object; to a *greater* rather than a lesser number of objects; to objects that *most frequently* recur;"—Now if there be one object or idea which is ever present and incapable of being excluded by any other, which all things and thoughts suggest and from which everything else derives its significance and reality—that is Shiva (शिव).

This Shiva (शिव) we were feeling all along, only clouds (नाम रूप) intervened between the Earth and the Sun, and the Sun's attraction was ascribed to the *clouds (self-created).*

Reason realizes itself by elevating the natural impulses and desires into its own universality.

“As the touch of Art glories matter, transmutes stones and pigments into the beauty and splendour of the ideal; or as organic life whilst it takes up inorganic materials into itself suffuses them with its own power and energy.”

How is escape possible from the slavery of mechanical necessity (helpless resultant of blind mechanical forces). The natural man is led by blind impulses, the object of desire being phenomenal form. But invariably *Duryodhan-like falls flat on the hard floor* which was mistaken for soft limpid water (cf., mirage).

The dog tries to snatch *the meat* in water, loses what he had. We catch the shadow, it eludes the grasp. Pain follows. Fire of affliction changes us, softens us (and in the meanwhile surroundings clear up), the same original force is still operating, this time we ascribe it to something more reasonable and fly to the newly imagined centre of force, fail again and so on—till at last we come to discover the only true source (the open sesame) of attraction.... शिव. This is how the original

discovery takes place. But the experiences of others laid before us in their exhortations and writings also can aid us in securing the correct point of view (*i. e.*, adequate or perfect idea which some call Reason). Once the sound vision is gained, Botany, History, Zoology, etc, all nature changes its significance. Freedom secured by assimilating the Laws. Harmony with the Law brings freedom from the Laws. All desires are originally the expression of the "effort of the mind by which it endeavours to persevere in its own being." The worldly desires through constant failure lead at last to the realization of that effort and this is ज्ञान (adequate Idea). Adequate Idea is simply an idea of the Reality. All other ideas are negative, imagination, and confusion. In any case, in so far as we catch the real object, does the shadow (the appearance) draw towards us. Otherwise, He swayed the stick I came to senses. He flogged me quick, I came to senses.

जब चार ने उठाई छड़ी, तब खबर पड़ी

The following for Consideration and Reconciliation. Attracted by the Sun, being

both solid and liquid (heterogenous) clouds form, vapours rise, and feel attracted by clouds नाम रूपाणि. In the rise of vapour, heat becomes latent, complete solidification, and attracted simply like a stone during the sway of passion (blind impulse). Success may melt for a second. In case of failure, the heat of hope which had hitherto nerved up your energies for work (headlong rush towards the object) finds nothing to combine chemically with you, so it splits you up, dissipates, dissolves, breaks up your frame (and more so the heart). (It was Promethean fire, stolen ! and see the consequence). In failure, *i. e.*, not reaching the branch of the tree at which the leap was aimed, ensues the fall *on the ground* and crushing calamity. The twig *unsubstantial* and calculation *inadequate*. हनुमान's is the only right calculation who flies on रामबान and catches the very soil (mountain) of the tree. In some combinations heat is given off, in others absorbed from surroundings (*i. e.* spiritual fall or friendship on elevated terms). What is solidifying (cold) then ? The company of those on lower potentials, all heat-absorbing

suggestions and *high pressure* civilization which forces you down into gross sense of personality. The chill can also crack the rocks, break up *solid* stones and walls. In calamitous failure the escape of heat (and resulting cold), if extreme, brings an earthquake (shock) as a consequence of which the clouds disperse, we feel ourselves very low (solid), but the sunshine falls as a blessing. Or the cold lowers the temperature of the solution far below the point of saturation and the desire, which had been self-multiplying (in the water) like monerons, settles down, falls off. Thus clearness follows the storm (tears) once more and we see the true Sun.

Every true desire, like appetite, if fed, nourishes ; if famished, eats back the vitals of its owner.

People make so much of तदबीर. All तदबीर और अकल resolves itself into oneness with God, either directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously realized, and, sir, what of worldly तदबीर.

(Pleasures=wet dreams, Pains=nightmares).
Both wake us up, though for a moment only.

Beautiful crystallization can be brought about as a rule, only after the whole solution has been *heated* considerably. Beautiful discoveries and systems are formed only as the after effect of heating the *liquid*.

Idea is activity. *Passion* (desire) passivity. Pleasure multiplication of activity, because at the time being the tormenting passivity is *brought to an end*. Pain = increase or continuance of passivity, because the mind-mass after failure goes on rolling through *inertia* (at first being moved by the object). *Idea* is of the nature of inner *heat* (life).

"Intellectual love" (rational इ.र.क), says Spinoza, "makes man immortal, for having no relation to the body and affections, it has in it nothing that can be affected by the destruction of the body."

The consciousness of Self implies relation to objects which are opposed to self and yet which as related to self form a necessary element of its life.

Thought is not a resting identity, but a process, a life, of which the very essence is *ceaseless activity*. " it is by this perpetual *process of differentiation and integration* that self-conscious intelligence ceases to be a lifeless abstraction, and becomes a concrete reality." The eternal life is not that which abstracts from the temporal, but that *which contains while it annuls it*. The life of absolute truth or reason is not a life that is foreign to us but one in *which we come to our own* the idea of a negation which is only a step to a higher affirmation. In the moral life of man negation is ever a necessary step to affirmation, it is only through the enunciation of the natural life that we rise into the spiritual.

But man *never is a mere individual* or a particular self, his passions are always so far transformed by self consciousness that the attainment of the immediate objects is *never their complete satisfaction*. He has not only to *satisfy them but to satisfy himself*. Whatever reality and independence are ascribed to nature and man, that reality and

independence must only have its source in God, but must not be pressed beyond the point at which its dream-characters must terminate.

Only in thought or self-consciousness have we a unity whose nature it is to be infinitely determined, yet which in all its determinations never goes beyond itself but in all its multiplicity and variety is only an ever realizing *itself*. They are but *its own* objects. If it begins by opposing the world to itself, its next movement is to retract the opposition, to annul the seeming foreignness, to find itself therein. Knowledge is a revelation, not simply of the world to the observing mind, but of the observing mind to itself. *The whole process of knowledge* is a gradual annulling by the mind of that self-externality which is thought's first attitude towards the outer world, and a gradual self-creation or realization of its own content. It is the essential characteristic of spirit, as spirit to be object to itself, to go forth into objectivity and return upon itself. *दीक्षा धारी completing the Circle.* That ideal unity of nature, which *Science* partially discloses, which *Art*, by its imaginative creations, foreshadows,

is only then clearly apprehended when we...

غیر حق کو جب نظر آجائے جہاں ہو مارتوت

Every conceivable advance in knowledge is only a realization of ourselves and the very *Consciousness* of our *limits* implies that there is that in us which transcends them.

Meditation=Giving the lower (ज्ञाग्रत) centres rest, during which time the (कारण शरीर) centres become most active as seen after सुषुप्ति also. When nature (food etc,) overcomes the body, the body is sick. When external nature overcomes the mind, the mind is unwell. Passion. Turnips, radish, parsnip, etc., accumulate food for their own future use in the coming year and so look fat. The usurper comes saying; 'of what use are they if not for my eating up?' So, the strength, health and youth of a young man or lady, plump limbs or bloomy cheeks, would suffice her to live comfortably her hundred if passions and sense enjoyments did not consume the stored up energy.

The अद्वैत is to be realized on the

intellectual but more so on the ethical and practical grounds.

To make the will co-vibrate and harmonize with Law is to realise शिवोऽहं ।

Conscience; Spinoza: "It has not only to satisfy them (senses) but Itself also."

Thus all the five elements of conscience counted by Schopenhauer are welded into one to constitute सवा मन का वह सोटा, (नज़ीर) for the taming of the bear (रीढ़) by the कबन्दर (self). Cf. Emerson about the immediate self-punishment after Sin.

Do the wicked prosper ?

The wicked in so far as they are more intelligent (*i. e.*, represent *Activity*) must supersede the *passive* (incapable of evil and also good). Positive virtue.

But the intelligent wicked in their turn are brought low by the element of *passion* or passivity in them.

True prosperity falls only to the lot of intellectual love.

Who should be your companion ? See, in what harbour is he anchored, what are his guiding principles, where is his heart ? Mind

not how much love he expresses for you. If his anchor is weighed in the sense of world-reality, behave like Yudhishtira towards his brothers and wife. If he is willing and ready to change his moorings, let him move upto you (Docile). If his disease is contagious, shun him as plague.

Your देश, काल (moorings) are in देशकालातीत + Man of principle. Who has a right to be the man of principle? Whose principle is Truth (इक). None else.

To commit murder and yet escape the Law.

The easiest way is to entice a man to eat before the previous meal has thoroughly been digested (or between meals). Another is to tempt him to sense-enjoyments (इन्द्रिय आनन्द).

Demands of nature are demands of the higher Self—the Divine Law, which should always govern the lower self-calculations. Let the higher Self command at least as much respect as the मायावी people present in your company. This is भक्ति. Why should you be so anxious to accomplish a particular job as to

ignore the *laws* of health. Is it the business, His work? He surely knows best how to bring it round. Let His will be done. You have no right to abuse the machine (body), vouchsafed for His glorification. It should be governed by His Laws. Is He not ever so near (as His and) in His hygienic Laws? Obey Him, therefore, take regular exercise as a sacred (religious) duty. Taking a constitutional=*प्रकृमा* etc.

Sit *straight* in *समाधि* posture, one whole day; all poisonous germs must perish. Bending over the book checks the flow in the alimentary canal and thus creates stagnant pools in the stomach or intestines giving rise to fermentation and flatulence.

Through the mirror of the world a man may arrive at the knowledge of himself.

To assert and emphasize the common will to live=*vulgarity*.

It is not the struggle which produces misery, it is the *mistaken* aims and low ideals.

All the pride and pleasure of the world, mirrored in the dull consciousness of a fool, is poor indeed compared with the Imagination of *Cervantes* writing his *Don Quixote* in a miserable prison. Bunyan (*Pilgrim's Progress*). Sir Walter Raleigh (*History*). Daniel Defoe (*Robinson Crusoe*). Milton (*Paradise Lost*).

Health, cheerfulness is the very flow of it, says Schopenhauer.

"Without a proper amount of daily exercise no one can remain healthy, all the processes of life demand exercise, not only the parts more immediately concerned, but the whole-body. Aristotle rightly says, 'Life is movement,' it is its very essence. Ceaseless and rapid motion sustains every part of the organism." The heart with its complicated double systole and diastole beats strongly and untiringly with 28 beats, it has to drive the whole of the blood through arteries, veins and capillaries; the lungs pump like a steam-engine; the intestines are always in peristaltic action; the glands are all constantly absorbing and secreting; even the brain has a double

motion of its own, with every beat of the pulse and every breath we draw.

When people can get no exercise, there is a glaring and fatal disproportion between outward inactivity and inner tumult. For this ceaseless internal motion requires some external counterpart. Even trees must be shaken by the wind if they are to thrive.

Men are not influenced by things, but by their thoughts about things.

Beauty is an open letter of recommendation to putting a good face upon bad business. Folly is its own burden.

There was great wisdom in that remark which Queen Christina of Sweden made in her nineteenth year, about Descartes, who had then lived for twenty years in the deepest solitude in Holland: "M. Descartes," she said, "is the happiest of men and his condition seems to me much to be envied."

It is a great piece of folly to sacrifice the inner for the outer man. It is to let the centre

of gravity fall outside oneself and consequently to tumble down. —————

‘There are no real pleasures without real needs.’ Voltaire.

ज्ञान and भक्ति can be combined only when शिव is contemplated as Law (of which alone it can be said कृते ज्ञानाच्च मुक्तिः)

a.—Let us *increase our knowledge* of that शिव as Law ;

b.—Let us contemplate on and love that Law शिव (ideal).

c.—And let us offer up everything to that Law. यत्करोषि यदश्नासि यज्जुहोषि ददासि यत् etc. (Gita).

d.—After doing anything spend a few moments in keeping the intellect *at-one-ment* with the Law of Laws,

योऽसावादित्ये पुरुषः सो सावहम् (the very end of Yajur Veda).

e— i—intellectually Vedant वेदान्त ;

ii—morally Buddhism,

iii—practically Christianity,

iv—religiously Vaishnavism,

v—feeling Islam اسلام intense.

The presence of N and other Swamis near you is like the presence of *fats in stomach*. The ghee etc. demand more bile from liver; but their very presence diminishes the secretion of bile.

Let them pray *together*. Mark धीमहि. Mohammedan prayer and Christian congregational prayer. Collective suggestibility bring them together before God (सत्सङ्ग).

Let them chant Vedic hymns together.

The solitary prayer cannot *spout forth spontaneously* from the heart (as becomes a natural solitary prayer), unless religious spirit is evoked and kept alive by social prayers. If the gods of temples have lost their holds on the general Hindu heart, there is yet time to rally the Hindu half-hearts under the banner of the Vedas. If Sikh-like they cannot sing together familiar songs, still Islam-like they might pray in a tongue which they do not fully comprehend. Sanskrit will unite not only the N. S. or E. W. of India, but all the Aryan races of Europe to India. And Sanskrit is not difficult as the Brahmans declare it to be.

If the people around you misbehave, grumble, squeak, or go wrong; why fight *with the machine*, lubricate it or set it aright, attend to the weak part पुरज़ह in it. Why hold the machine responsible like a foolish child? ब्रह्म सत्यं जगन्मिथ्या, when will that Law of laws be practically realized? The rudder broke in the N German Lloyd boat, the Captain managed the ship with alternate working of the two engines, yet the real remedy was not there. So the real remedy is in (वेदान्त) alone. मूर्ति का पति in absence of कृष्ण for Gopis (गोपिका).

यार की अनुपस्थिति (गैर हाज़री) में यार की तस्वीर से दिल बहलाना. Let the जीव be entirely obliterated from your heart. Let the God-idea become too strong for it.

Personal God :—

It is not that the weight of a body is actually concentrated at the Centre of Gravity (that point is to all appearance like any other point), but for *ought that concerns us* the mass is concentrated there. So is Law all-pervasive, God immanent in nature, present equally everywhere. Yet relatively to our बुद्धि this universal Reality can be most conveniently

handled (and acts upon our conduct) as if it were embodied in a personal (غیور etc.) Being. This personal God leads us from the visible to the Unseen. When we get a point of limitation—focus of personality, generated by غیورین *the other pole*, is simultaneously created like positive and negative Electricity.

Mental Telepathy.

Let not the thoughts of friends or foes (जीव सृष्टि) have any thing to do with you. It is true we can communicate with one another mentally. But like any other communication (intercourse) it is a mere wayside inn and throws us down into a gaping pit like any other worldly enjoyment (अनात्म मज़ा) if we begin to enjoy it. Mind-wandering excites passion, feeling (विषय) which is passivity, suicide

دنیا هیچ است و کار دنیا هیچ. These reveries are decidedly on par with भूत प्रेत possessions. To drown and overcome all personal associations springing up in the mind, and let the *one light* (God-consciousness) alone keep burning in the mind is to do real good to all parties concerned. Crowd out all other considerations (notions).

Away with such nonsense as:—"Please remember me in your prayers," میرے حق میں دعا کرو. "Send him good thoughts," etc. There is but one Reality ﷲ .

No expectation-thought, no fear-thought, no criticism or appreciation-thought, no thought about what are called constant companions, you never had any company but God.

अमावस्या New moon day. The *moon* receives full sunlight but the सूर्य is eclipsed and even the Moon's selfish light is as bad as darkness. But the moon shines the brightest when on the farthest end of earth from the sun.

Other laws are simply :—

हाथी के दाँत दिखाने के और खाने के और

The past memories and associations, let them be wiped out of thought as cloud-forms, स्वप्न, पिङ्गला जन्म. The witness-box, the judge's bench, lawyer's bar, professor's chair, stage, etc., have environments, relations, attendants, each peculiar to itself. You move from the low heaths, up to the mountain top गिरिशन्त. The position changed, all will re-adjust their attitudes to you, all must shift, their points

of view must alter like the قبلہ نہا through motion of the ship.

Nothing is constant but God.

Defend not the Body and Personality.
You are the Truth, Body etc. like cast stones.

तुमरी खातिर हे प्रभो मो मन है तन बीच

Religion is as universal and vitally connected with our being as the act of eating. The *successful* atheist knows not the process of his own digestion, as it were.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

For वेदान्त, purity of पात्र (receptacle or aspirant) is extremely indispensable. If there remains the least inkling of अहंकार (personality), *self-defending inclination*, मैला, खट्टा, कसीला before the pure milk of अद्वैत is poured, the whole curdles, or effervescence and deterioration takes place. Health is secured by eating when the previous meal is thoroughly digested and gone down the stomach. Otherwise the old meal corrupts into deadly germs and breeds all sorts of diseases, while adulterating the

whole of the fresh and pure food. So, with the spiritual stomach. Entire surrender, *no* self-defence, *no* حق but رضا و تسلیم حق is the only price for this سر سے سر + بادشاہت

When we are out of tune with राम, we do not see the way, miss the path of Law and must suffer. While in God, the right methods, the right impulses, right inclinations spontaneously well up in the heart and lead us to the rich landscapes, mountain scenes, refreshing springs of Peace, Prosperity, and Purity, or the blissful light in us of itself draws life and love towards us. Any thing that dims the Divine Light in us, any company or associations which tend to lower the सत्त्वगुण are deadly enemies or seductive Satan, especially *Aggressive Ignorance*.

THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

Make not the companion responsible. *Put him not on the defensive*. Blame not. This is the secret of successful work among people. This is giving अमय दान and moving about निर्भय. Elasticity = Forgiveness of sins.

Repentance=Absolute giving up of the old evil habit; if timely resorted to, restores one to the original purity and washes off sin, even as the stomach is cured by giving up of noxious food habit. Mental and spiritual *elasticity* is the law which cures. —————

Like a poisonous fruit, the death-pain is inevitably connected with sense-enjoyments.

—————

O God, the book of Nature is the वेद supreme to teach Thy presence. I cannot miss Thee, as I could never miss the sky.

In so far as we see them as individuals, friends or foes, we are blind and fall in the pit, suffer. But in so far as we see them absolute God, our own inner Self, we see as possessed of sight and succeed.

—————

To feel individualities and personalities (local selfs) real and to look up to them with love or hope, is as wicked as adultery, idolatry or anything and deservedly invites the wrath of the Reality behind the masks.

—————

So long as we believe in the reality of the

Law of Causation, the mind will never be controlled or concentrated. When causality for us is merged in God, there is सहज समाधि because चिन्तन and स्मृति is no more than causation operating through mind.

Just the slightest suggestion at the hands of the Law wakes up the sane.

खोते (गधे) को सोंटे भी नहीं जगाते ,
आकिल को इशारह ही काफी है ।

Our स्थिति=our standards of judgment. Mind you that *causation, fears and hopes about appearances*, are the standards of judgment of falling children. Let not those become your guides. Let Cross be my only standard of judgment.....

दरे-जाना से खाक लायेंगे । अपना काबा जुदा बनायेंगे
This is our true दोन (निश्चय, faith).

Whenever Rama acted in accord with a "borrowed" standard of judgment on the advice of any body but the inner God, he had to pay very dearly for it,

Worldly wisdom=sink to drown us into the

sea of illusions. It makes us believe in the reality of causations and relations. So long as wordly wisdom lasts, the world cannot be a football to us. He in whom worldly gains and losses, respect and honour, and causations, can excite feeling, *i. e.*, for whom appearances have as much as or more importance than God, he cannot be free from sin and sorrow. So long as the inner cause of fall, *i. e.*, desire, is not eradicated, victory over outer oppositions cannot be had.

If any one does his duty, *i. e.*, exterminates the seeds of future desires, nay, annihilates self, the gods will do their duty, *i. e.*, wash clean out his past faults, and the people do their duty, *i. e.*, worship him as God.

What you want to make a person, think him and expect him to be that.

Monday, May 28, 1906.

The Top of Basoon (moved to).

I thank Thee, I thank Thee, I thank only Thee. Let no breath pass without breathing Thee, O Tears of Joy.

Narayana sent away for good while at Vasishtha Cave. The last link broken, that connected Rama with the world, and such sweet exquisite all-embracing Bliss is the result. How fortunate is Rama.

The moon is shining, spreading a sea of silvery peace. The moonlight falls full on Rama's straw bed. The shadows of unusually tall white rose-bushes, which grow fearlessly free and wild on this mountain, are chequering the moonlit bed and flickering so playfully as if they were nice little dreams of the placid moonlight that sleeps so tranquilly before Rama.

Sleep my baby, sleep.

And smile with rosy dreams.

Jamnotri, Gangotri, Sumeroo, Kedar and Badri glaciers stand so close as if one could reach them by hand. In fact a semi-circle of glaring diamond peaks like a jewelled tiara decorates this Vasishtha Ashram. The white snowy summits are all taking a bath in the milky ocean of moon-light and their deep सोहम् breathings in the form of cool breezes, reach here continually. The snows on this moutain

have all melted off and by this time the vast open field near the top is completely covered with flowers of blue, red, yellow and white hue, some of them being very fragrant. People are afraid of coming here, as they believe this place to be the Garden of Fairies. This idea saves this pleasure Garden of देव's from being haunted by the sacriligious spoilers of Nature's beauty. Rama walks over this flower-land very softly, with great caution, lest any tender smiling little flower be injured by ungentle tread. Cuckoos, doves, and numerous other winged songsters entertain Rama in the morning. Eagles (Royal गरुड़ garurs) soaring high up, touching the dark clouds at noon, are they not the गरुड़ (garurs) bearing the वनश्याम (Vishnu) on their backs? One night a tiger sprang past Rama.

Such is the Law. It will not rest till it has taught us crucifixion.

What a fair colony the blooming forest-giants have round yonder mountain pond. What bond unites them? It is no connection with each other (personal relationships). They have a social organization, as it

were, only in so far as they send their roots to the self-same pond. The love of the same water keeps them together. Let us meet in devotion to the same Truth, meet in heaven (in the heart). Rama.

Honour-winners, knowledge-gainers, social reformers, political workers, religious messengers, dear labourers.....Rama is on a different ticket. Cannot break journey and sojourn at any between stops (stations). The terminus, O the interminable Terminus! Why wandering hither and thither.

As a faithful wife, when loved, attends cheerfully to all the household duties of her own sweet accord. But when we seem to love any other woman besides her, she is stricken with jealousy and all the household affairs are neglected, so God attends to all we need if we love nothing but That. Mohammed, etc., were right in admonishing their folks against godless life by terrible threats about گرز, burning pillars, fire and brimstone. Only the punishment is meted out in this very life.

The system-building advices (plans), and organizing conscious exertions of the worldly

wise are just as impractical and futile as the strained advices to students, given in Todd's students Manual.

TRANSLATION FROM RIG VEDA X.

I walk with the Rudra and Vasus

I shine in the Sun and gods

I bear up the Mitra & Varuna,

Sustain from Cloud to clod

Upheld are Agni and Indra

By me—the All in all.

If you are induced to sympathise with the worldly and take on their condition, why should you not sympathise with God? He is poor enough and a यतीम (अनाथ, an orphan).

Relation puts in the mind *expectation*,

And thought frustration :

Therefore, if you want God-realization,

Have no relation.

The seeming objects which attract, are apparently equal to the innocent form of Krishna (कृष्ण). The dragon of mind (मनस) readily takes them in ; but on getting inside, they stab from within, pierce the dragon's belly, and people begin to complain :—O, my

heart is broken, I am undone ! undone ! O, dear ! why did you let yourself be deceived by names and forms ? Love the *Reality* only, cling to God alone. Take in God, assimilate God, walk with God, be God, behave God. That is Life.

Not till you have given them (the seeming objects) up you will see the infinite faithfulness and love which is in the things of this world ; and not till you have laid aside *the garb* of names and forms, you can see the God hidden therein.

Practicality of Vedanta=उपनिषदः अहंग्रह.

ब्रह्म लोक=realization.

प्रेत्य=rising above body-consciousness.

कोरा ज्ञान (without feeling or अभ्यास)

a hill *without contour*,

(and solidity) a picture hill.

धूम मार्ग=doubt.

अर्चस मार्ग=clearness.

Day ; शुक्ल पक्ष ; summer ; Sun=different degrees of *clearness* in Self-Realization even in this life to the person rising above body-consciousness.

The देव will come to receive it to ब्रह्म (प्रयत्न etc.,), that is, Nature will pave the way.

Everything will be straightened by the powers that be.

Having realized these truths in this life they may have inferred a similar course for others after death.

RECEIVED FROM THE HEIGHTS.

People talk on the व्यवहार (worldly) level, may be about you, about themselves, about gain or loss. Such talk is indirect, dualistic suggestion, it is aggressive. Be on your guard. Be never passive. Always active on any occasion of meeting any body.

Let them go pleased or annoyed, meet them not on the व्यवहार plain.

Meet them *from the hill*.

Respond to them *never on their plain* but from the higher plain. Cf.

1. Shaking *hands* and kissing *feet*.
2. Exchanging, shop-keeping and commanding as a king.
3. In front:—fighting, rivalry, and governing Power from behind.

Do not measure swords with them. It is beneath dignity.

JAGDEVI LAWN,

June 25, 1906.

All the caves near the top of Basoon Mountain being engaged by the rains, Rama had to quit the Garden of Fairies at the top. Came down to a most lovely, lofty, level lawn where breezes keep playing all along. Jasmine, white and yellow, grows wild here together with various other sister flowers. Strawberries and rose-berries are found in ripe plenty. On one side of the newly-built hut a neat green sward extends far in gradually ascending slope between two rushing streams. In front is charming landscape, flowing waters, fresh foliage-covered hills, undulating forest and fields. Clean, smooth slabs of stone on the lawn form royal tables and seats for Rama. If shade be needed, spreading groves furnish cheerful accommodation.

RAIN.

In three hours a hut (पर्य कुटि) was prepared by shepherds living in the forest. They made

it rain-proof to the best of their power. At night severe rain-storm set in. Every three minutes lightning flashed, followed by rolling thunders, at which each time the mountain shook and trembled. This हन्द्र-वज्र (पवि) kept up its continual strokes for over three hours. Water poured madly. The poor hut leaked, its resistance to the storm became so ineffective that an umbrella had to be kept opened all the time under the roof to save the books from being drenched. The clothes became all wet. The ground being grass-covered could not turn muddy, yet it was drinking to its full the water-drops drizzling continuously from the roof. Rama is enjoying very nearly the मत्स्य and कच्छप life. This experience of aquatic life for the night brings joy of its own. Blessed is the storm to keep us up in the Lord's company. Man was not meant to waste all his time in petty चिन्ता and فکر (fears and cautions):—'How shall I live,' oh, 'what shall become of me,' and all such foolish nonsense. He ought to have at least as much self-respect as fishes and birds and even trees have. They grumble not at storm or sunshine, but live as

one with Nature. My Atman, I myself, am the pouring rain. I flash, I thunder, how beautifully awful and strong am I. शिवोऽहं songs gush forth from the heart.

People act very unreasonably; behave in a sort of vague, dim fashion; not knowing their own good; inconsistently, and why? Because the world is no more than a dream. What could you expect of the dream objects but vagueness, dim, hazy, undefined, stumbling outlines? Look not for the cause of their conduct in the apparent friends or foes. Real Causation rests with the अधिष्ठान (your own Self) alone. Look out!

As a little bird just learning to fly, leaving one stone or twig, perches on another similar support, then on another and another, cannot leave entirely those ground-objects and soar into the high air, so a novice in ब्रह्मज्ञान while disengaging his heart from one thing—or disgusted with a particular person—immediately rests on something else, then clings to another similar delusion, does not give up dependence on straws and quits not (in his heart) the whole earth. An experienced *Jnani* would turn, the apparent faithlessness

of one earthly object into a stepping stone for a leap into the Infinite. The art of religion consists of making every bit of experience an occasion for a leap into the Infinite. Renouncing one thing outwardly is a symbol in his case for renouncing all inwardly. The things that seem are all of a piece. Method of Agreement and Difference establishes the Law of their unsubstantiality, knowing no exception.

Self - realization = Anand - realization ;
 = Realization of the world
 as our own very Self;
i. e., as Sweetness Crystallized.

Fault-finding with others, discontent, unrest are the irritation caused by the मैल of द्वैत (मल or dirt of duality) that may have gathered on your soul by living in low, dingy levels. *Scratch it off* and wash clean away the द्वैतमल.

Let any body in his heart of hearts believe in any thing whatsoever as *real*, *i. e.*, fit object to rely on, and inevitably he must be forsaken or betrayed by that object. This is a Law more stern than the Law of Gravitation. The only

सत् Reality, वास्तव, brings home to us the delusion of attributing Reality to any thing else but itself.

No warder at the Gate
Can keep the *Gnani* in ;
But like the Sun o'er all,
He will the Castle win,
And shine along the wall.
He waits, as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day
Alike when they are gone,
And when they stay.

MAUNA.

The मौनी one day got disgusted with the tongue, and cut it off. फसाद की जड़ उखेड़ दी. Cut off body-relationships, absolutely, entirely. Answer no questions from that side, offer no requests on that score ; enter into no talk on that plane ; make no complaint on body's behalf : entertain no thought as to what shall I eat, wear etc. It is to die sooner or later, why not regard it as dead already; give up, give up body-cares and lower thoughts absolutely, entirely, Do not come out of लक्ष्मण की लकीर even in the name of seeming *compassion* and *virtue*.

To be displeased with servants is to fall foul with आत्मन्. Let not servants and disciples constitute your जीव सृष्टि. To defend the body, etc.,=feeling the world real and God unreal, and involves unnecessary wear and tear of energy and time. David would not take the Law in his own hands.

Is God asleep or dead that you should treat Him as such by undertaking what was His own business? दखल दर माकूलात (meddling with Divine ways). You live as God.

What is that to you if anybody slaps you or stabs you?

Do not erase the लक्ष्मण की लकीर even in the name of seeming '*justice*' dealt out.

Trust in Him in the den of lions. The only justice (حق) is (حق). God should be at least *as real as persons*.

Objectivity इस कदर कम हुई तो रूपानन्द देखा, बिस्कुल ही उड़ा दो तो स्वरूपानन्द देखो। Come, I will show you God.

Look at that face, which *seems shaped out of innocence*. That is Beauty. Innocence,

व्याग—wonder—Indifference constitutes beauty. Attractiveness whether spiritual or material is always in direct proportion to innocence. There! the charm was due to renunciation, *self-abnegation* (cf. *white light*), loveliness was just in proportion to *claimlessness* (cf. *child, baby*). Now see in the same direction, look straight and gaze through till the line of beauty and line of non-objectivity meet, converging as they do, to the same point (God). Woe unto you if you fall down on the way.

क्रिस्मत पै इस मुसाफरे-बेकस के रोइये ।

थक कर जो आ गिरा हो तो मंजिल के सामने

By attributing possession to a face, you tend to make it ugly, abnegating the sense of possession, transparency results, because the beauty was another name for denial of possession. Thus also you dig a pit and fall into it.

Damn not yourself and also the so-called charming thing; see beyond नाम रूप, see God, tear the veil of appearance, look through, see Rama. Let nothing be prized higher than God, nothing valued equally with God.

God is no respecter of persons. Why should you be? सर्वमिदमभ्यात्तो ज्वाक ज्नादर (शाण्डिल्य विद्या) लिहाङ्ग डडे cf. गुलज़ार, वागबाँ and their माज़िक.

When we concentrate on what is foolishly called the 'beautiful' *object*, the beauty *material* suffers thereby, just as much as beauty spiritual, *provided the person believe in our compliments.*

Compliments, criticism and disease are equally fatal if we regard our self as subject to them. Feel your Self God and sing songs of joy in Godhead. चढ़ सूली ढोला गावांगे ।

दार पर चढ़ कर कहा मनसूरने, आज अपना बोल बाला हो गया ।

Look upon compliments and criticisms even as Rama looks upon physical ailments, *viz.*, (प्यादे) footmen from God's Durbar who with all the authority of His Supreme Government say to you : "Get out of this house (*i. e.*, body-consciousness) at once !"

They obey me, when I occupy the Durbar throne; they whip me and stab me when I enter into this hovel (body-consciousness).

(पूर्णज्ञान) demands *dissolution of the* (कारण शरीर) *i. e., faith in causation* being replaced entirely (wholly and solely, absolutely) by *faith in God*. Unless belief in causation is sublated, mediumistic weakness, suggestibility and quivering at criticisms or shaking at opinions, cowering before world, will not cease tormenting mercilessly.

Causation=devil=बन्ध या संसार.

1. They are mediumistic to whom almost every thing might be a *causal agent* :—superstitious and credulous.
2. To the more advanced, so-called thinkers, the suggested causes are no reality, *have no force*.
3. He is truly magnetic and not hypnotic who feels no force at all in anything but God, to whom *no suggested causes have any reality*. He must naturally lead nations and ages.

मनोराज के बन्दे ! (1) Have no experience of facts like children or ignorant folks.

(2) Have some experience, but not thorough and inner experience.

(3) Have perfect experience, *inner* as

well as *outer*, which is the basis of their power.

The cause of fearlessness, चित्त को जीतना-साहिबदिली।

नकशा हमारे रहने का जंगल में बन गया।

जंगल=Consciousness of pure अधिष्ठान

=Consciousness of nothing else but God.

The good or bad talk or conduct of people being washed out of consciousness even as misty dreams are consigned to oblivion.

Dreams may be nightmares or sweet dreams, *we do not try to adjust them or quarrel with them; but rather our own stomach, etc.* It is that is straightened. So, good or bad folks that meet us, ought to be entirely ignored and *our own spiritual condition improved.* Let not these seeming evils or lucks stand between thee and God.

There are no *insults and faults, immense enough to satisfy* me in the act of forgiving them! *cf.* Ganga

ओ हकीकत से ना आशना मासूम ! ओ गुल ! बेदा, जल जाओगे, मत जाओ दुनिया के मज्नों की तरफ़ । ब्रह्म को सुला कर क्यों धक्के खाते फिरते हो । यह मक्खन की सूरत वाला (कलई) चूने का गोला है । झूठ बोलने वाले का वेड़ा शर्क । मैं सच कहता हूँ । दुनिया की चीज़ें धोका हैं ! होश में आओ ! हकीकत को देखो ।

Visit to सहस्रतरु ताल, *End of July, 1906.*

To travel on almost heaven-high ridges for miles and miles, viewing the waving forests of birch and juniper spreading far below, flowery precipices lying on the right as well as the left hand side; to walk bare-footed on extensive fields covered with soft velvety grass where loving dainty flowers cling to your feet getting entangled in the toes; to enjoy the silvery sights of rushing waterfalls on distant Kailas-cliffs; to watch clever, little musk deer springing at lightning speed before you;—well might the moon ride such a beautiful runner; to be startled now and then by garuras (royal eagles) fluttering their painted, large wings now on this side, then on the other; to stoop to pick every now and then Kailas lotuses (ब्रह्मा कमल) which in their lovely petals combine gold and fragrance सोना सुगंध to be amused at the coolies outdoing each other in digging मासी, जेसर, गुग्गल—the different kinds of incense which abound here in charming plenty; and to sing hymns and chant OM, engaged our time. Far, far above the din and bustle of worldly life, deep and vast blue

lakes in their crystalline expanse, rippling under the pure and free Kailas air, surrounded by chaste, virgin snows, hold a mirror up to the very face of the blooming, blushing Sun. In such lofty solitude serenely does the Sun enjoy His charming glory. On such heights, no hamlet or hut could be expected; the nights were passed in caves where breezes sleep. O, the joy of leaving behind the prosaic plains of parching body-consciousness! O, the joy of mingling with the sun and breezes! O, the joy of roaming in the heavenly infinite forest deeps of एकमेवाद्वितीयम् !

So long as उदारता is not become natural with us, we cannot realize God.

No Realization for a *close* mind (कृपण) cf. Christ and the rich man.

No peace for कृपण and *yet outward relations* force on us thoughts by which we are contracted into narrow limits. उदारता must be the rule, and yet the world generates the very opposite in us. How to reconcile? The rule of conduct must be उदारता, and this can be observed and

kept up only when in our heart of hearts we believe in the reality of *God alone acting through our neighbours, their seeming forms being non-entity.* —————

When we believe in the forms of foes and friends as real, they deceive and betray us. It must be so as a punishment for the first mistake. But we make the matter still worse when we begin to retaliate and impute to them motives and evil natures. Beware !

—————

People do hesitate to love God, because they think they receive no response from Him as in the case of fictitious and degrading worldly objects of love. Ignorant fools they are to think so. O Dear ! His breast instantaneously, nay simultaneously, heaves with thy breast in responsive impulse. He looks straight into thy eyes, else why peace in the heart ?

—————

To begin, to take in personal *compliments, adoration, reputation* is to give up माखन for चूना, is to devour poison and fire. Is not the eternal God-compliment sweet enough for you ? खीर मक्खन !

Sitting on the mountain top, why fix your gaze on one particular dingy spot alone.—i. e. body-relations. This is बन्ध. Turn your eyes, look all around, all places are equally related to you. The oceans surge, the rivers roll etc., in Me, in Me, in Me.

Religion in its truest sense (ज्ञानम्) opens our eyes and *changes the very veil of माया into a never ceasing revelation of the Divine.*

My Dear One talked to me through telephone, the telephone became endeared. So long as the beloved is in a separate house, the telephone will be prized, but He comes to my home. What have I to do with the telephone? So, friends, relatives, kings, property and all were the telephones to convey that Love's messages to me. He comes, now freely you may leave me, O friends; give me up, O relatives; banish me, O Kings; abandon me, O property. What care I?

जीवन्मुक्त is one who lacks the ordinary springs of motive and consequently cannot be influenced in any way. *One whom* the profit and loss, counsel of friends, gain and

disadvantage, talk of pupils, crooked suggestions of adversaries, unexpected news of any kind, can influence and draw from him *what?* etc., he is unworthy to lead, incapable of guiding. His स्थिति is low, dangerous position, لا اله الا الله rock.

The "twelve observances" obtained from the North.

"The mob of Beggars (भिक्षु's)," as Buddha called his followers, are expressly forbidden to have any covering over them except a tree.

Their one seat is to be Mother-Earth. Their clothes are to be rags from the dust heap, the dung heap, the grave yard. He is to be called Dwikhrodpa ("he who lives in a graveyard"). He is not allowed to sleep twice under the same tree. "Let us separate and go each in a different direction, no two following the same road. Go and preach Dharma."

"He dwells in a lovely spot, in a grove, at the foot of a tree, on a mountain, in a cave, in a mountain, grotto, in a burial-place, in the wilderness, under an open sky, on a heap of straw." मौनी.

Any thought, of a friend or foe, is immediately to be overcome by God-thought ईशावास्य. And His will is to be realized always as My will.

Rik. S, 1,55,5.

अधचन श्रुतदधति त्विधिमते ।

इन्द्राय वज्रम निधनिष्कते वधम ॥

When the fiery Indra hurls down thunderbolt, the people believe in him. चोटें खा कर राम आता है याद ।

अस्मे सूर्याचन्द्रमसामिचक्षे श्रद्धेकमिन्द्र चरतो वितर्तुरम् ॥

That we may have *Faith*, O Indra, the Sun and Moon are set in motion by Thee in regular succession.

To awaken religious feeling in us, the world revolves.

The सत्ता in each and all is God. The power of Law is His.

When you see a person and attach instantaneously to him a sense of personality, the invisible spirit, soul, etc; so on looking at any thing should you perceive and see immediately the real support, God.

When you talk to the limited centre of ego etc., that responds. When you address God, response will come from there.

1. *Real* loss works far less injury than *suspicion*.
 2. A dog is mad when he *suspects* every body.
 3. A person is called "mad" when in rage (suspicion and fear).
 4. Insanity (melancholy, cracked brain) is characterised by too much regard for self-respect, wealth, health, etc.
-

CREEDS.

Believe as I believe, no more, no less ;
 That I am right, and no one else, confess ;
 Feel as I feel, think only as I think ;
 Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink ;
 Look as I look, do always as I do ;
 And then, and only then, I'll fellowship
 with you.

MATHEMATICS,
ITS IMPORTANCE
AND
THE WAY TO EXCEL IN IT

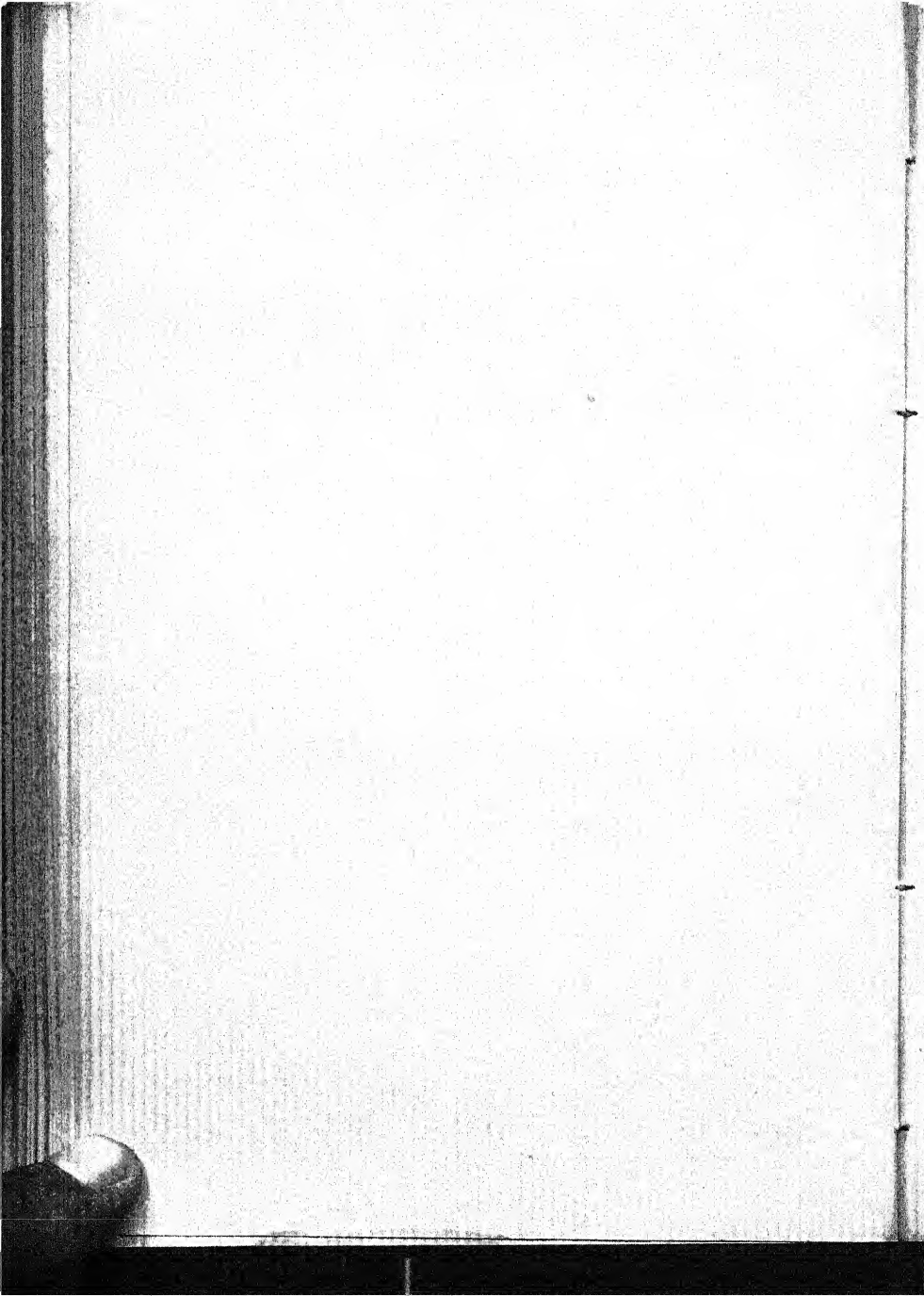
BY

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THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF MATHEMATICS.*

I am fully aware of the difficulties which I shall have to encounter in trying to enlist your interest in what is commonly called "a dry subject." The usefulness of the study of Mathematics sounds like a paradox to the superficial observer. An ordinary man cannot help putting such questions as —

- (a) Why should we bother our heads about the 47th Proposition of Euclid's First Book?
 - (b) Of what use in the world can the Binomial Theorem be?
 - (c) Why should we spend a considerable portion of our life at a , b , c , and long $s(f)$?
 - (d) What is the use of dealing with the Greek Mathematical signs?
1. The inability to answer questions like

* This tract was written and published by Swami Rama while he was acting as Joint Professor of Mathematics, Forman Christian College, Lahore.

these, or the apparent uselessness of Mathematics makes this study very unpopular.

2. Another reason why it is disliked is that it is a very hard subject which taxes both the memory and the intellect; it is difficult to understand and more difficult to remember. To read it is not like walking on a smooth paved road; but here the path is, so to speak, both slippery and rough, presents many stumbling blocks and rubs in the way.

3. A third reason why Mathematics is felt so heavy and tedious is that generally it is not administered in proper doses or in an agreeable form; in other words, teachers do not always try to make it attractive. Carbon dioxide, swallowed as in soda-water, is conducive to health; but inhaled, it injures the system. Just so, Mathematics does us good only if taken or studied in the proper way.

Students, as a rule, complain against the University because Mathematics is made a compulsory subject in some examinations, they blame the Syndics and have all sorts of hard names to give to mathematical writers.

To begin with, let us, for the sake of

argument, assume that Mathematics has really no reward to offer, has nothing to pay. But dear friends, let us not, in whatever we undertake, be led and guided by a desire of reward. This mercenary spirit ought to be checked. The event or fruit of any action ought not to influence us; let us do whatever we engage in, goaded by a sense of duty and not drawn by the bright future—

If duty calls to brazen walls,
How base the fool who flinches.

Let us work into life the following advice of the author of Bhagvad Gita :—

“ Find full reward
Of doing right in right ! Let right deeds be
Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.
And live in action ! Labour ! Make thine acts
Thy piety ”

Learn to acquire knowledge for its own sake; hunger and thirst after knowledge. Learn a lesson from the life of Old King Ulysses, who with one foot in the grave woos knowledge and asks his followers.

✓ To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
The assumption above made is far from

being correct. The advantages of Mathematics are very many. They do not lie on the surface but are hidden and concealed—

(i) Mathematics is like the ocean, rough, boisterous and fearful on the surface; but having precious pearls and gems of the purest ray serene at the bottom : or

(ii) It may be compared to the statues of the old satyrs and sileni of Greece; repulsive figures to look at, but enclosing within them the finished and fascinating statues of the most beloved gods of the Greeks.

(iii) Like the solar light it appears quite colourless to the unthinking multitude, while it is in reality composed of the colours of the rainbow.

✓ Mathematics (*Gr.* Mathe-Matike) in its original sense signifies "skill, knowledge, or science." And in all its subsequent development it has had the idea of "skill, knowledge, or science" always underlying it. It has been feeding Art and Science. ✓ It is in no small measure to *Mathematics* that the world owes its Science of Astronomy, Optics,

Acoustics, Statics, Dynamics, Hydrostatics, Hydrodynamics, Thermodynamics, Magnetism, &c.; and the Arts of Navigation, Engineering, Architecture, and the like.

Mathematics is well called an *exact science* and a sure and certain branch of knowledge (*cf.* the phrase "Mathematical certainty").

"Geometry," Pascal observes, "is almost the only subject in which we find truths wherein all men agree; and one cause of this is that geometers alone regard the true laws of demonstration." So Geometry or Mathematics, we may say, has been like that solid and substantial food to science which goes for the most part to form bone or the supporting element. According to Roger Bacon, Mathematics is the "gateway and the key to other sciences." Professor Ball says,—"It is interesting to note that the advance in our knowledge of Physics is largely due to the application to it of Mathematics, and every year it becomes more difficult for an experimenter to make any mark in the subject unless he is also a Mathematician."

What generally happens is that the

Mathematician takes the results of some every day observations and raises on them splendid superstructures which attract the attention of the Experimentalist, who steps forward and verifies by experiment the results thought out by the Mathematician. Then the labours of the two combined enrich the world with inventions and discoveries; give to it its rail ways, telegraphs, balloons and what not. Happy the man who is a Mathematician and Experimentalist in one.

"The most general division of Mathematics," says Herbert Spencer, "dealing with *number* guides all industrial activities, be they those by which processes are adjusted, or estimates framed or commodities bought and sold or accounts kept. No one needs to have the value of this division of Abstract Science insisted upon."

"For the higher arts of construction," the same writer continues to say "some acquaintance with the more special division of Mathematics is indispensable. The village carpenter who lays out his work by empirical rules, equally with the builder of Brittanica-Bridge, makes hourly reference to the laws of

space-relations. The surveyor who measures the land purchased; the architect in designing a mansion to be built on it; the builder when laying out the foundation; the masons in cutting the stones; and the various artizans who put up the fittings; are all guided by geometrical truths. Railway-making is regulated from beginning to end by geometry; alike in the preparation of plans and sections; in staking out the line; in the mensuration of cuttings and embankments; in the designing and building of bridges, culverts, viaducts, tunnels, stations. Similarly with the harbours, docks, piers and various engineering and architectural works that fringe the coasts and overspread the country as well as the mines that run underneath it. And now-a-days even the farmer, for the correct laying out of his drains, has recourse to the level—that is, to geometrical principles.

✓“On the application of Mechanics (a branch of Applied Mathematics) depends the success of modern manufactures. The properties of the lever, the wheel-and-axle, &c., are recognised in every machine, and to machinery

in these times we owe all production." The following is the case in England and will in no long time be the case here too :

"Trace the history of the breakfast roll. The soil out of which it came was drained with machine-made tiles ; the surface was turned over by a machine ; the wheat was reaped, thrashed and winnowed by machines ; by machinery it was ground and bolted ; and had the flour been sent to Gosport, it might have been made into biscuits by a machine. Look round the room in which you sit. If modern, probably the bricks in its walls are machine-made and by machinery the flooring was sawn and planed, the mantel-shelf sawn and polished, the paper-hangings made and painted. The veneer on the table, the turned legs of the chairs, the carpet, the curtains are all products of machinery.

"Your clothing—plain, figured or printed—is it not wholly woven, nay, perhaps even sewn by machinery ? And the volume you are reading, are not its leaves fabricated by one machine and covered with these words by another ? Add to this that for the means o f

distribution over land and sea, we are similarly indebted. And then observe that according as knowledge of *mechanics* is well or ill applied to these ends, comes success or failure. The engineer who miscalculates the strength of materials, builds a bridge that breaks down. The manufacturer who uses a bad machine cannot compete with another whose machine wastes less in friction and inertia. The ship-builder adhering to the old model is outsailed by one who builds on the mechanically justified wave-line principle. And as the ability of a nation to hold its own against other nations depends on the skilled activity of its units, we see that on mechanical knowledge may turn the national fate."

Let us now see to whom most of the modern inventions and discoveries of which the world is so proud owe their origin ?

✓ By whom was the first *Steam engine* made ?

James Watt, a Mathematical Instrument-maker.

✓ By whom was the *clock* invented ?

Galileo, a Mathematician.

✓ By whom was the first *telescope* made ?

Galileo, a Mathematician.

By whom, the Barometer ?

Pascal, a Mathematician.

Who found out the amount of alloy in the golden Crown of King Hiero of Syracuse ?

Archimedes, a Mathematician.

Who was it that discovered the Law of Gravitation?

Newton, the prince of Mathematicians.

In a word, directly or indirectly, almost all our conveniences and articles of comfort are due to this branch of Philosophy or Science which we call Mathematics.

Professor Adams, the Mathematician, foretold the existence in the heavens of a satellite not known to the world before, and *then* the practical astronomer actually discovered the same.

Mathematics enables us to calculate accurately distances, billions upon billions of miles in length, as the distances of stars, &c.; and it also enables us to measure magnitudes about one billionth part of a cubic inch in volume, like the size of a molecule or atom. From finite quantities it leads us on to the

region of the infinite.

By Mathematics we discover some of the Universal Laws of nature written with inerasable ink on the faces of substances by the unerring finger of the Almighty. In the lines and figures of Geometry we learn "those characters", to use an expression of Galileo, "in which the great book of the universe is written."

In Statics and Dynamics the Mathematician deals with forces varying according to different laws; and in case a new kind of energy should come to light and give rise to forces obeying laws different from those which the forces of ordinary nature obey, the Mathematician will be found fully equipped to receive it; whereas the mere experimentalist, if not calling Mathematics to his aid, will be at a loss how to deal with it at the first sight. Let a new fluid be discovered and its fundamental property known; it will find itself already registered in the works on Higher Hydrostatics as an old servant with specified duties to discharge.

There is a variety among individuals of all species; again the different species of the same

genus are in no instance exactly alike; and the different genera differ widely. So, I presume that different planets of the same Solar System have no monotony and the different Solar Systems are not alike in every respect. They are, in all probability, governed by new laws and are blessed with new materials, new liquids and new kinds of Energy. Mathematics embraces the properties of these new things as well as those of the old familiar ones. This is knowledge of intrinsic worth.

Its rules and laws govern the phenomena and facts that can ever take place on the background of Eternity. "The old order changeth yielding place to new" but the mathematical dogmas remain still controlling all these vicissitudes and undergoing no change in themselves.

Says Herbert Spencer—"Of course as those facts which concern all mankind throughout all times, must be held of greater moment than those which concern only a portion of them during the continuance of a fashion, it follows that in a rational estimate, knowledge of such facts, being knowledge of intrinsic worth, must,

other things being equal, take precedence of knowledge that is of quasi-intrinsic or conventional worth."

Hence you can judge of the importance of Mathematics which, beyond doubt, imparts knowledge of the kind of facts here alluded to.

If most people pride themselves on possessing a knowledge of Law, (Law dealing with matters of this transient world), why should a knowledge of the eternal laws dealing with all worlds and possibly with the world to come be disdained.

"That very law which moulds a tear,

And bids it trickle from its source,

That law preserves the earth a sphere,

And guides the planets in their course."

This law and many similar laws are treated in the works on Mathematics.

To show that the sphere of Mathematics is not confined to the physical objects alone, but extends over the mental and psychic phenomena as well, I may refer to the distinguished writers on the Calculus of Probabilities, who have applied it to *Belief*, and also to Edgeworth

and Jevons, who have shown it to be capable of application to *Feelings*.

Milton holds that a part of the happiness of the pious will consist in the consciousness of the knowledge which they acquired in this world. If this be true, Mathematics is sure to make you happier in the world to come, as it embodies knowledge of the widest application.

I have been discussing so far the value of Mathematics as knowledge. Now, let us discuss its value in the way of discipline. And here, without question, it holds a supreme place.

The Vernacular word for Mathematics is "*Riyazi*," and this very name signifies "pertaining to "*Riyazat*" or discipline. The study of Mathematics involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties.

The advantages of Physical exercise are not apparent to an ordinary Indian boy ; and Physical exercise is not so pleasant to him as eatables ; being ignorant of the fact that in proportion as he takes more physical exercise, he will enjoy and digest the eatables better.

Similarly the advantages of mental exercise involved in the study of Mathematics are not apparent to an ordinary Indian student, and so, he reads Mathematics with great reluctance, not knowing that in proportion as he studies more of Mathematics, he will relish and master other subjects better.

"I have mentioned Mathematics," says Lock, "as a way to settle in the mind a habit of reasoning closely and in train; not that I think it necessary that all men should be deep Mathematicians, but that having got the reasoning which that study necessarily brings the mind to, they might be able to transfer it to other parts of knowledge as they shall have occasion."

There are men who are already physically strong, yet physical exercise will make them still stronger. Similarly there are men already intellectually very strong, yet a study of Mathematics will most certainly add to their intellectual powers.

Rev. Dr. Chalmers has stated:—"I am not aware that as an expounder to the people of the lessons of the Gospel, I am much the

better for knowing that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles; or that the square on the hypotenuse in a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the sides containing the right angle. But I have a strong persuasion that both the power to apprehend and the power to convince may be mightily strengthened—that the habit of clear and consecutive reasoning may be firmly established by the successive journeys which the mind is called on to perform along the pathway of Geometrical Demonstration. The truth is that “as a preparative whether for the bar or for the pulpit, I have more value in Mathematics for the exercise which the mind takes as it travels along the road, than for all the spoil which it gathers at the landing-place.”

The author of “The History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences” has shown in his “Thoughts on the study of Mathematics” that Mathematical studies judiciously pursued, form one of the most effective means of developing and cultivating the reason: and that “the object of a *liberal education* is to develop the whole mental system of a man ;— to make his

speculative inferences coincide with his practical convictions; to enable him to give a reason for the belief that is in him, and not to leave him in the condition of Solomon's sluggard, who is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who *can* render a reason."

To this may be subjoined the judgment of John Stuart Mill, which he has recorded in his invaluable system of Logic (Vol. II.) in the following terms:—"The value of Mathematical instruction as a preparation for the more difficult investigations (physiology, society, government, &c.,) consists in the application of its method. Mathematics will ever remain the most perfect type of the Deductive Method in general; and the applications of Mathematics to the branches of Physics furnish the only school in which philosophers can learn the most difficult and important portion of their art, the employment of the laws of the simpler phenomena for explaining and predicting those of the more complex. These grounds are quite sufficient for deeming Mathematical training an indispensable basis of real scientific education and regarding, with Plato, one who is

ayewu et pntos, as wanting in one of the most essential qualifications for the successful cultivation of the higher branches of philosophy."

The study of Mathematics strengthens both the intellect and memory, and tends to impart to us an assimilative memory, rather than a sensuous one in as much as it teaches us to remember things by the aid of the intellect or thinking faculties, and discourages us from memorising a demonstration and the like by endless repetition. It gives us a Memory which has brought immense wealth to Professor Loissette. The nature of the subject admits of no such thing as cramming. We cannot cram Mathematics ; whatever we learn of it must be got up intelligently.

It is true that Mathematics at first appears to be a very dry subject and most distasteful ; but for that very reason we ought to study it with zest and zeal. In so doing we shall be the stronger in will-power. "Perhaps," says Huxley "the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, *whether you like it or not*. It is the first

lesson that ought to be learned, and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly."

The abstruse nature of the subject compels a student to concentrate his attention. Mathematics is the best cure for mind-wandering. Bacon says—"If a man's wits wander, let him study Mathematics, for in demonstration if his wits be called away ever so little, he must begin again." Now, if on no other account, on account of this grand virtue which it inculcates, *viz.*, concentration, of attention we ought to value Mathematics. No one who is stricken with absent-mindedness can make his mark in any department of human activity.

The path to proficiency in Mathematics is so rough, and so hard an application is necessary that on the way we lose all our roughness and become perfectly smooth and frictionless, as it were, just as the wooden harrow used in this country becomes smooth by passing over the rough and uneven ground turned into clods by the plough.

Now a smooth ball or the like, if put in

rolling or sliding motion on the College floor, will come to rest very long after a rough ball that was put in motion simultaneously with it. So, brains that have lost a considerable amount of their friction by working in the rugged field of Mathematics and have now been smoothed down, so to speak, when once put in motion or set to some hard task will, other things being equal, stop or be tired out long after those brains that have not been similarly trained.

Not only does the study of Mathematics thus habituate us to steadfastness and perseverance, but it engenders in us a strong inclination to work. It tends to make us bitter opponent to inaction, it stores in us immense energy. The student of Mathematics being compelled to work very hard and long for the sake of success in his subject, goes on working hard even after this impressed force is withdrawn, being then impelled by the energy accumulated in him, just as a railway train continues travelling for a long time even after the steam is shut off. But alas! for the rash youth, who no sooner are set free from the

great motive power—Mathematics or some other branch of learning—and enter life, than they come to a dead stop on account of the brake of sensual indulgence; or at best get their motion considerably retarded by that brake.

Mathematics, startling as it may sound, aids Religion in a most remarkable manner and strengthens the foundation of moral character. Every now and then it puts us in a most humiliating mood, it makes us realize our own incapability, it repeatedly brings us face to face with something which we think we cannot surmount. It makes us humble and meek. It tends to do away with our vanity and self-conceit. It breaks us down and consequently exercises the will of God on us. "Do you," says Theodore Monod, a French divine, "know what is God's chief difficulty with us? It is not the making us, it is the breaking us. It is not the edifying us, it is the putting us down. And therefore it is that God's chief instrument for edification is the pick-axe. He must break us down, down, down, and whatever he gives us to do for His service, He will first of all show us that we are not able to do it. O God,

take me, break me and make me." The value of Mathematics in this respect is well pointed out in the following remark by Lock :—"A man in the study of Mathematics will see, that, however good he may think his understanding yet in many things, and those very visible, it may fail him. This would take off that presumption which most men have of themselves in this part, and they would not be apt to think that their minds wanted no help to enlarge them, that there could be nothing added to the acuteness and penetration of their understandings." All this shows that the sharp discipline to which it subjects a man, has a wonderful influence in smoothing down his asperities, in accustoming him, as a rule, to the habits of patience, perseverance, self-denial and humility.

"True Science," says Huxley, (including Mathematics undoubtedly), and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness

of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect.....by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded rather to their *patience*, their *love*, their *single-heartedness* and their *self-denial* than to their logical acumen."

Isaac Todhunter in his Essays on Education says that of all the subjects required for passing University Examinations, Mathematics furnishes the most reliable test of a man's working powers. A student may do remarkably well in the Examination in a language; and yet this may have been owing to his keeping constant company with a man who always speaks that language and is a thorough master of it. A student may distinguish himself in History in some Examination, and yet this may largely be due to his *passively* hearing other students while they were preparing that subject for their Examination. A man may obtain very high marks in a Practical Science Examination; and yet this may be on account of his having familiarized himself with the Science-Apparatus and its use for *amusement's*

sake. And so with the other subjects. But a man who excels in Mathematics, could not have done so, except by dint of hard labour. He proves himself capable of facing difficulties and doing his duty well, however disagreeable that duty may be.

Nothing particular has as yet been said about "problems" as against "book-work" in Mathematics. They are hard nuts to crack for the student. But once cracked they yield an ambrosial kernel; and the student thus derives an exquisite pleasure from the sweets of intellectual conquest. No other branch of knowledge can present a like phenomenon. After a hard problem has been solved, you will often observe the Mathematician's eye brighten, and at length, with a pleasure (of which the ecstasy of Archimedes was but a simple expansion,) hear him exclaim "I have got it, I have got it."

It may not be out of place to say something as to how charming and fascinating this subject has been to some persons, or to what extent people of yore have been impressed by its importance. *Plato* loved it to such a degree

that the inscription over the entrance to his school ran— "Let none ignorant of Geometry enter my door," and on one occasion an applicant who knew no Geometry is said to have been refused admission. It is related of a Mathematician that while he was absorbed in solving some problem, the besieged city in which his house lay was taken by the enemy, and to the spot where he sat musing, came up with a drawn sword in hand, a soldier who was about to break the slate of his life. The Mathematician who had been quite ignorant of the capture of the city, did not, even now, lift up his head and look at the soldier. The astonished soldier shouted at the top of his voice to make the poor victim prepare for death. At this the Mathematician raised his eyes and said: "Wait a moment; I am about to solve it" (the problem). The city was captured by the enemy, but his heart had been captivated by Mathematics.

Sir Isaac Newton, often times, when busy at some Mathematical theorem, used to forget taking his meals. I may add two amusing anecdotes:—(1) Newton invited a friend to

dinner and forgot it. The friend arrived and found the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner was brought up for one. The friend, without disturbing Newton, sat down and despatched it. Newton, recovering from his reverie, looked at the empty dishes, and said: "Really, if it wasn't for the proof to the contrary before my eyes, I could have sworn I had not yet dined." (2) Once when riding home from Grantham he dismounted to lead his horse up a steep hill, when he turned at the top to remount he found that he had the bridle in his hand, while his horse had slipped it and gone away.

Galileo had very long been purposely kept in ignorance of Mathematics, but one day, by chance, hearing a lecture on Geometry, he was so fascinated by the Science that he thenceforward devoted all his spare time to this study, and finally he got leave to discontinue his former studies. He preserved his enthusiasm for the subject in spite of poverty, public ridicule, and persecution.

And so did *Kepler*, notwithstanding domestic troubles, poverty and other inconveniences.

Archimedes could not disengage himself from Mathematical dreams even when walking or when bathing as is evidenced by the well-known story which says that *Archimedes* one day while taking his bath was so much elated at the discovery he then made that unable to contain himself he immediately ran almost naked into the street crying Eureka, Eureka "I have found it, I have found it,"

It is related of *Euler* that even in the perusal of *Virgil's* poetry he met with images that would recall the associations of his more familiar studies, and lead him back from the fairy scenes of fiction to the element, more congenial to his nature, of Mathematical abstraction.

Amongst the ancient *Hindus*, Mathematics was so extensively loved that even their females were well versed in the subject.

Amongst the rich, Mathematics has exercised its sway over *Boyle*, *Cavendish*, *Napier*, *Lord Kelvin* and others. Amongst men of letters *Milton*, *Bacon*, *Locke*, *Carlyle*, *Helps*, *Froude*.....and many others may be counted among its fervent admirers, if not votaries.

Perhaps some of you can still see no connection between abstract and practical science, and hold the former in little esteem, despising mental discipline unless you perceive its direct reference to the actual business of life, and so reject Mathematics as of little practical interest, calling it with Alexander Pope as—

✓ "Tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain."

Remember, Gentlemen, immediate usefulness alone is a fallacious recommendation for a branch of learning. Don't shun Pure Mathematics on the ground of its *purely speculative character*. "That sound judgment," says Professor De Morgan in his remarkable introduction to the London Edition of Ram Chandra's *Maxima and Minima*—"that sound judgment which gives men well to know what is best for them, as well as that faculty of *invention* which leads to development of resources and to the increase of wealth and comfort, are both materially advanced, perhaps cannot rapidly be advanced, without a great taste for *pure speculation* among the general mass of the people, down to the lowest of those

who can read and write....." After giving a most satisfactory proof of the above statement the above mentioned writer puts the conclusion in the following words:—

"The History of England as well as of other countries has impressed me with a strong conviction that pure speculation is a powerful instrument in the progress of a nation." Plato advised the Athenians to betake themselves to the study of Mathematics, in order to evade the pestilence incident to the international war which was raging in Greece.

Mathematics is knowledge and consequently it is power. It is a *weapon*, though a very heavy one. If we cannot wield that weapon, the fault is all our own; because we *could* wield it if we *would* by dint of patience and perseverance: and once wielded, that weapon is something awful in our hands. Knowledge of Mathematics is like an estate which should be watered and cultivated laboriously before it yields abundant crops. Many men have reaped rich harvests out of this apparently barren land.

The *processes* of the Differential Calculus seem far remote from the Propositions of

Physical Science, yet Newton was led by their aid to found a system of Mechanics equally suited to determine the motion of the stone falling to the ground, or the revolutions of the Planetary bodies. *Conics* is a branch of pure Mathematics dealing with the sections of a cone. It could hardly be imagined as susceptible of any useful or interesting application whatever. But Kepler came and he applied it to the motions of heavenly bodies, thus clearing up most intricate difficulties in Astronomy. Moreover, the same Conic Sections was found to apply to the motion of anything whatever projected here on our own planet; be it a cricket ball, an arrow or a bullet, or even our own bodies in the act of jumping. The process of finding the *H. C. F.* of any two numbers in Algebra has been made use of by Sturm in solving with great ease Equations of any degree whatever. The *Theory of Quadratic Equations* was made use of by our own countryman, Master Ram Chandra of Delhi, in working out problems of great practical interest in Maxima and Minima. In Trigonometry and Algebra we meet with what

are called *Exponential Functions* and *Imaginary* or *Impossible Quantities*. When you first study them, I suppose, you will be inclined to say "Of what use in the real world are *Imaginary* quantities, why should we waste our time on *Impossibilities*?" My friends, let me inform you that what you will thus cast off with disdain, has lately been made the corner stone of a new mansion in the world of Science, being developed into Hyperbolic Functions. The Symbols e and π (meaningless to the unthinking student,) represent numbers which enter into analysis from whatever side Science and Art are approached. An anecdote might be quoted for illustration. De Morgan was explaining to an actuary what was the chance that at the end of a given time a certain proportion of some group of people would be alive; and quoted the actuarial formula involving π which he explained stood for the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. His acquaintance, who had so far listened with interest, interrupted him and exclaimed, "My dear friend, that must be a delusion; what can a circle have to do with the number of people alive at the end

of a given time ?" Don't be surprised to know that Ball writes of a distinguished Professor remarking that "it is impossible to conceive of a universe in which e and π should not exist."

I sympathise with those of you to whom the abstract principles involved in Mathematics appear to have scarcely any use or aim; but if you continue your inquiries, your matured judgment will *rectify* your first opinion and at length you will find yourselves possessed of, to use the words of Professor Hall, "an instrument of matchless power and of universal application; a language which nature must hear, and to which she shall always reply."

Even if the study of Mathematics bear no fruit at all, do not regard your labour spent on it as wasted. Nothing is wasted or lost in nature, matter is indestructible and cannot be lost, energy is indestructible and cannot be lost; and so I maintain labour is indestructible and cannot be lost. Rivers take away with them a great deal of earth and other substances from the plains, and so far as we can see the earth carried away is lost, but the same earth collects in the sea, and in course of time forms

islands there. The Sun dries up in the summer tanks, pools and lakes, and we think the water is lost; but before autumn is ushered in, the same water comes down again in the form of rain. Similarly, kinetic energy is converted into potential energy, thermal energy, electric or any other form of energy, but it is never lost, although it may so appear to us. Just in the same way, rest assured, labour is never lost; it is sometimes changed into experience, at other times it becomes, as it were, stored up for future use; but it is never lost. The labour of Columbus, although it did not bring forth the desired result, was far from being lost; the attempts of Englishmen at finding the North-West passage to India, although apparently fruitless, caused the Arctic Ocean to be explored. Similarly, attempts at finding the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of the Science of Chemistry. Again attempts at unreal Astrology led to real Astronomy. So, the apparently bootless endeavours of geometers at the duplication of a cube, the trisection of an angle, and the squaring of a circle, were the cause of Conic Sections being discovered. The

vain struggles and efforts to construct a perpetual-motion machine advanced most considerably the Science of Dynamics. The celebrated John Hunter occupied a great deal of his time in studying most carefully the growth of a deer's horn (a sheer waste of time and energy in the opinion of most of us); but this apparently useless knowledge, well applied in the case of a dying patient, was one of the causes which rendered his name immortal. His labour was not lost and so will not your labour be lost which you devote to the study of Mathematics, but will reproduce itself in other forms of fruitful energy. It is rather sacrilegious to think of lost labour in connection with a subject of which, in the words of no less an authority than Helmholtz, we may say, "Of all branches of human knowledge, there is none which, like it, has sprung as a completely armed Minerva from the head of Jupiter; none before whose death-dealing Aegis doubt and inconsistency have so little dared to raise their eyes."

✓ The vibrations of a lamp, suspended from the ceiling, taught Galileo how to construct the first

pendulum-clock; a falling apple gave Newton a lesson on the mysteries of the solar system; a boiling kettle instructed George Stephenson how to make the steam-engine; a frog's leg twitching when placed in contact with different metals directed Galvani to come to the important results wherein lay the germ of the Electric Telegraph. If apparently insignificant objects could teach such important lessons, will not Mathematics (which means *Knowledge* or *Science* itself) be able to teach you a great deal?

Only a third eye is wanted (an eye in the head or brain, Mahadeva's third eye) to discover the *Parvati* of joy and glory on the mountains of Mathematics. Oh! for the keen penetrating eye to which—

"There are tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

We are reaping abundantly the fruits of the labours of others. We travel by rail, the most desirable kind of conveyance; we get our errands run by electricity harnessed for our sake, we live in comfortable houses, wear the clothes cut and sewn to suit our convenience,

get our food cooked and prepared in such a way as to keep us in good health and many other things we enjoy which have been thought out and worked out for us by others. Let us not forget that we also ought to do something for others in return. We owe a heavy debt to humanity. Let us try to leave the world better than we found it. Let us try to leave some foot-prints on the sands of time. Let us try to dive deep into the Ocean of Science and Mathematics and bring out, if possible, some pearls which may adorn the world.

Then work, work; work with all your heart, with all your might, remembering that work is worship and remembering also that work is life—

“We live in deeds, not days;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures
on a dial.

He lives most who thinks most, feels
the noblest, acts the best.”

Genuine work will be found to be its own reward. Work is the normal state of man.

HOW TO EXCEL IN MATHEMATICS.

There is no royal road to Mathematics. Mathematicians, like poets, cannot be made but they are born. Still I have firm conviction that the following guiding principles and cautions, if strictly observed, shall convert Mathematics from a cold, unsociable stranger with knit brows and frowning countenance into a warm-hearted, cheerful and loving friend.

1 (a) Never approach Mathematics just after taking heavy meals. Let the food be well digested, and then apply yourself to this subject. Otherwise you will find it a very dry and rather repulsive study and most uninteresting.

(b) In days of hard Mathematical work you ought to take light, simple food that you can digest very easily; and be temperate. Don't take ghee in excess. High thinking and plain living should go side by side.

- 2 (a) Don't attack Mathematical problems or hard pieces of book-work when you are sleepy or when about to go to bed. You will in that state find them quite invincible and impregnable. Not only will they offer passive resistance, but will then lay you flat down on your bed. Plainly speaking, you will in two or three minutes, after taking a difficult problem in hand, fall fast asleep. But you may, with advantage, at such a time, revise that part of Mathematics which you are already thoroughly conversant with, or work easy sums and simple riders that require very little mental exertion.
- (b) In order to excel in Mathematics you should always give to *sleep* what is its due. We cannot have a clear brain if we do not have enough of sleep. It is said of a great Mathematician, Des Cartes, that on account of his delicate health, he was permitted to lie in bed till late

in the mornings ; this was a custom which he always followed, and when he visited Pascal in 1647 he told him that the only way to do good work in Mathematics and to preserve his health was never to allow any one to make him get up in the morning before he felt inclined to do so.

3 (a) If, however, circumstances oblige you to study difficult portions of Mathematics or solve hard problems just after taking meals, or just before retiring to bed, you ought to keep standing as you work, or be walking up and down while you think. Otherwise your efficiency of labour will be very small, and laziness will get the upper hand of you.

(b) Never neglect to take bodily exercise. This is a neglect which proves ruinous to most students.

Irregular students waste the greater part of their time in idleness but overwork themselves just before the examination, taking

no exercise and setting at nought the laws of health. Thus they succeed very easily in breaking their health, though not in passing the examination. Then, is imputed to labour what is brought about in reality by laziness ; the charge is laid at the door of hard work, whereas it was indolence that impaired their health. Remember, it is not labour that kills a student, but it is laziness or neglect of exercise that does so. Workers are sadly wanted in India, but not lazy workers.

✓ 4. When you begin a new book, it is advisable, first, to go through the book-work of the whole, at the same time doing the easy sums which come out on the first or at most at the second trial. After thus once passing through the book begin it anew, and omit no example. By adopting this system, you will save a great deal of your time and labour, and your work will be most efficient.

✓ 5. As far as possible try to do everything with your own unaided efforts. Not only should you try to solve the examples by your own exertions, but try to do the book-work also without the aid of the author. Try, as it

were, to re-discover everything. This will do you immense good. Read the heading in the case of each Article or the enunciation in the case of each Proposition and then shut your book, and try if you can give your own demonstration. Think over the subject for a time, if your exertions seem to be fruitless, read one or two sentences from the top in that Article or Proposition and then closing the book try to complete the proof; if then your attempts avail nothing, read one or two sentences from the *bottom* of the same Article or Proposition, and do your best to supply the parts of the proof not seen by you. If, then also you fail, read a little more of the book, and try to fill up the gap yourself. Thus a part at least of each Article or Proposition must, by all means, be drawn out from your own brain, if you want to acquire a sound knowledge of Mathematics. You may, at first, read very little by this method, but whatever is not learnt in this way forms but a very poor part of education. By and by your power will increase and this process will no longer be slow. Your progress will, after trying this method for a time, be both rapid and thorough.

and you will find yourself quick to perceive and slow to forget. It is to such readers that the Roman proverb applies : "Beware of the man of few books."

"The great danger," says a Mathematician, "which all mathematical students have to guard against, is that of learning off book-work without fully mastering the essential points of the methods. Mathematics cannot be crammed. To be able to write out book-work faultlessly is not sufficient. The why and wherefore of each step must be fully grasped, and students must not rest content unless they fully understand in every case what is the property to be proved, what known results are assumed, and what methods are to be applied. Otherwise their memory will be unfairly taxed, the work will degenerate into mere drudgery, and all this will be of little avail if the book-work so assiduously committed to memory should be set with some trifling alterations—a frequent artifice among examiners for finding out whether candidates *really* know their work."

The solution of easy problems and riders, which is also practically indispensable, also

depends almost entirely on a thorough knowledge of fundamental principles and methods, and those who do not clearly realize this are too often apt to rush on to results in their answers in the examination, and to use the words "it is obvious" or "evident" to conceal their ignorance of the intermediate steps, which, however, deceives no one but the candidates themselves. On the other hand, those who will take the trouble to realize fully the methods of the book-work and the framework of facts on which each Proposition is built up, will possess sufficiently powerful machinery to solve any reasonable problems that may be set.

All that will then be required is *readiness* in applying their knowledge, and this can only be brought about by frequent practice in working examples.

6. Don't disdain or pass over sums containing easy applications of the formulæ, and never be satisfied with *knowing*, merely the *way* how to work out a rider; work it out *actually*, carry your theory into practice. Never forget the precious maxim "The way to more light is the faithful *use* of what we have." By so

doing you will acquire practice which alone makes us perfect. You know the greater part of your University Examination-papers will consist of such easy riders; and even those questions in which brain work is most prominent, depend not a little for their full and ready solution on practical applications of the formulæ. If you are already practised in that work, you will finish in a very short time the whole of the paper, except those portions which require thinking; and out of the total amount of time allotted, having got a great deal at your disposal for thinking only, you will most probably succeed in your efforts in this direction too, and thus do the whole of the paper. As it is not enough for a man to know the theory of swimming but he ought to have practice in that art if he wants to swim across a river; so is *practice* necessary for you if you want to swim across the troublous sea of University Examinations. Simple riders and easy sums are a great recreation to the student of Mathematics.

Most students when asked to work out a sum, sometimes after making a few feeble efforts but frequently before making any,

give up in despair ejaculating the words "It is very difficult, it will not come out." But the self-same students, after the problem has been explained to them, cannot help uttering "Oh, it was so easy!" I say, yes, it was so easy, but you could not *get it out* because you did not *enter into it*. You got frightened by the very appearance of the exercise. You had no courage, no strong will, no patience, or no Mathematical virtue.

7. Frequently *revise* the portions which you have already read; otherwise your further progress will be very very slow, and you will find yourself no match for the examiners. "Every Mathematical book that is worth anything," says Professor Chrystal, "must be read back-wards and forwards. Go on but often return to strengthen your faith. When you come on a hard or dreary passage, pass it over; and come back to it after you have seen its importance or found the need for it further on."

8. In order to attain dexterity in analysis and calculation and become expert in giving ready solutions to problems, it is desirable to acquire the habit of performing mathematical

investigations *mentally*. No other discipline is so effectual in strengthening the faculty of attention; it gives a facility of apprehension, an accuracy and steadiness to the conceptions; and what is a still more valuable acquisition, it habituates the mind to arrangements in its reasonings and reflections. To give an illustration of how much it improves the intellectual powers I may cite the case of Euler, who had always accustomed himself to that exercise; and having practised it with assiduity he is an instance to what an astonishing degree it may be acquired.

“ Two of Euler’s pupils had calculated a converging series as far as the seventeenth term, but found, on comparing the written results, that they differed one unit at the fiftieth figure; they communicated this difference to their master, who went over the whole calculation by head, and his decision was found to be the true one. For the purpose of exercising his little grandson in the extraction of roots, he has been known to form to himself the table of the first six powers of all numbers, from 1 to 100, and to have preserved it actually in his memory.”

9. Mathematics requires of us a great deal of time and energy ; we should be continually working at it. But though it requires our body to be always in motion, ever working, and subject to the laws of Dynamics ; it demands our mind to be always at rest, in equilibrium and in a state, subject, as it were, to the laws of Statics. A man wanting to excel in Mathematics, should banish care and anxiety from his mind, think of nothing else but his work, should have a serene and tranquil heart, should allow nothing to disturb his peace and calm of mind. His labour will bear little fruit unless he is able to keep his mind in perfect solitude ; which in most cases, will require his body also to be in loneliness.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,

One lesson which in every wind is blown.

One lesson of two duties kept at one

Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity !

Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows

Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,

Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring.

Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil.

Still do they quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil ;
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

(*Matthew Arnold.*)

10. A student of Mathematics should always have a humble heart and a *docile* spirit.

Store in, carefully, every piece of knowledge, gather every bit of Mathematical truth ; what, if you can make no immediate use of them, and what, if no pleasing result seems likely to spring from them.

" . . . because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

What a noble spirit of research was betrayed by the great Mathematician when he spoke of himself as having been all his life but "a child gathering pebbles on the seashore"—a similitude expressing not only his humility, but alluding likewise to "the spirit in which he had pursued his investigations, as having been that, not of selection and system-building, but of childlike alacrity in seizing upon whatever contributions of knowledge Nature threw at his feet."

These directions may be summed up in a single one:—Love the subject (Love conquers all.) and try, by every means possible, to keep yourself in a state in which you may be able to concentrate your mind and pay close and undivided attention to the subject. This is a faculty, which, if we consider the testimony of Newton sufficient evidence, is the great constituent of inventive power. It is that complete retirement of the mind within itself, during which the senses are locked up; that intense meditation, on which no idea can intrude; that firm, straightforward progress of thought, deviating into no irregular sally; that perfect *yoga*, where the mind becomes one with the subject; which can alone place Mathematical subjects in a light sufficiently strong to illuminate them fully, and preserve the perceptions of the mind's eye in the right order.

In the end I shall lay before you the secret of success in the study of Mathematics as well as in that of any other undertaking. It is seeking not our own aggrandisement, but the glory of God ; it is like the Red Cross

Knight to labour and struggle for the Fairie Queen Gloriana or the Glory of God. It is thus to make our whole life a continuous prayer by our acts. It is to carry into practice the noble advice of Lord Sri Krishna—

" In thy thoughts

Do all thou dost for Me ! Renounce for Me !

Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me !

Live in the faith of Me !"

Let me close with the following strictly true lines of Shakespeare:—

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess she determines
Herself the glory of a creator,
Both thanks and use."

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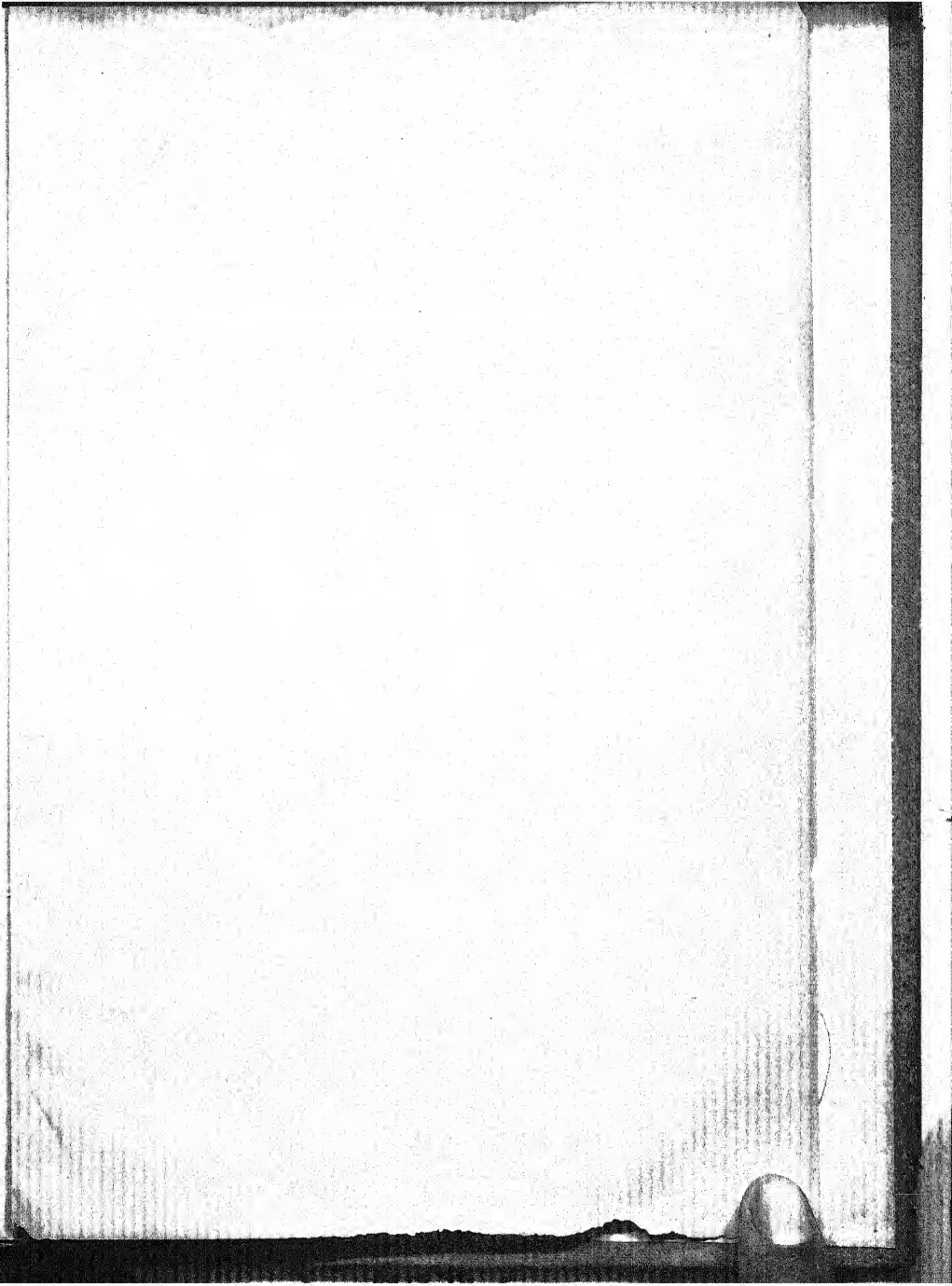
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